

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

JULY 17, 1964

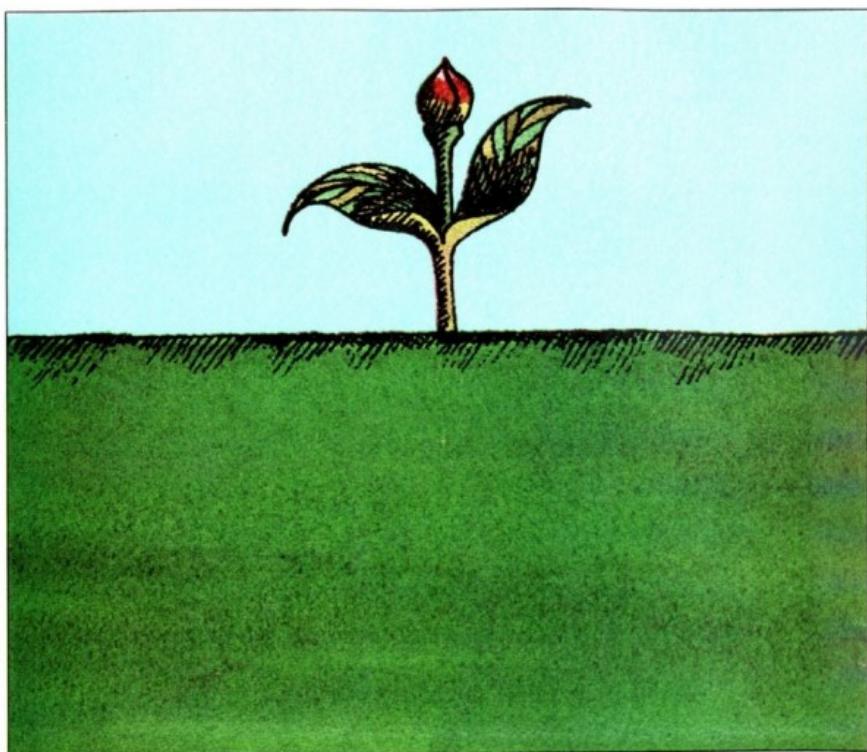
TIME

THE SOUTH: View from Within



WILLIAM
FAULKNER

YOUTH



It's no wonder we have a youthful outlook at GT&E. Most of our growth is ahead of us. We're in the most thriving fields. Communications, electronics, automation, lighting, radio and TV. And they've just begun to grow.

■ In communications alone, GT&E's 30 subsidiary Tele-

phone Operating Companies serve the new communities beyond the big cities, where there's the space and the spirit for growth. And that's where the future is. ■ More reason for the dynamic and continuous growth of GT&E.

Sharing greatly in America's growth

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

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GTE
&



Until 1950, who ever heard of

SODIUM N-CYCLOHEXYL-SULFAMATE?

Now you
can get it
in any
supermarket.

It comes in
bottles and cans.

It's time people knew the facts about Sodium N-Cyclohexylsulfamate.

That's the mouth-filling name of a chemical that has been given the mouth-filling job of replacing sugar in certain soft drinks.

Substituting it for sugar is like putting a five-year-old boy in as linebacker on a pro football team. "Sodium-etcetera" is derived from benzene—as is Calcium Cyclohexylsulfamate, also used for "taste." Doctors say they probably can't do you any harm but that they can't do you any good, either. Their food value is nil, nought, nothing.

Sugar's got what it takes. It's instant energy. Almost any normally active adult or youngster burns up sugar calories within minutes. Soft drinks made with sugar give you something to go on. They refresh all the way down, taste better, feel better in the mouth and have no after-taste.

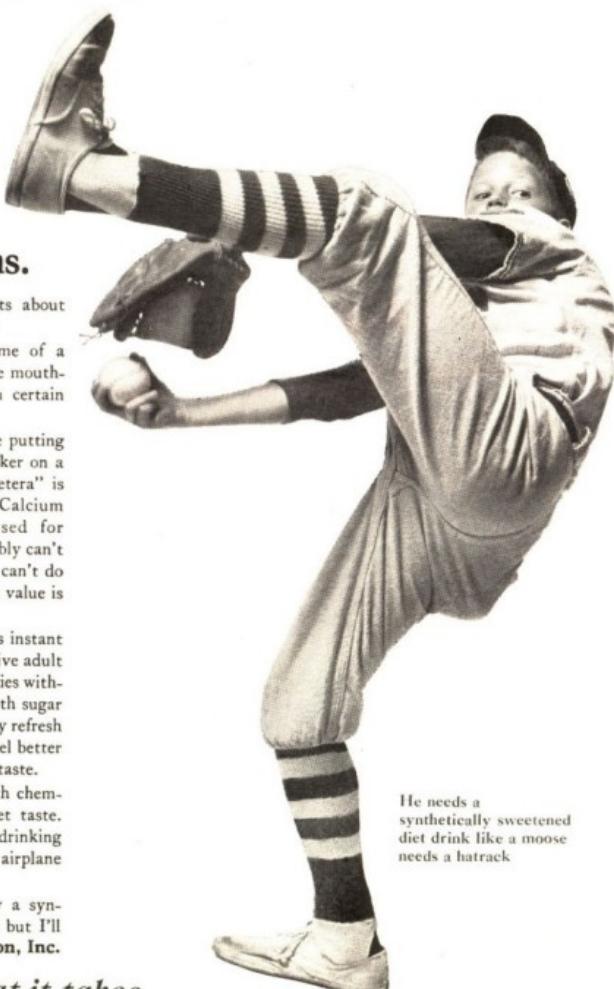
But "Syntha-Colas" made with chemicals only give you a wet, sweet taste. And trying to lose weight by drinking them is like trying to lighten an airplane by emptying the ash trays.

Next time you're tempted by a synthetic, say "Thanks, Chemistry, but I'll take Sugar." **Sugar Information, Inc.**

Sugar's got what it takes

... 18 calories per teaspoon—and it's all energy

He needs a
synthetically sweetened
diet drink like a moose
needs a hatrack



For sweetness with energy, get beet or cane sugar

LOOK WHAT DOUGLAS IS DOING NOW!



DOUGLAS DC-8F BREAKS CARGO HAULING RECORD! A Capitol Airways "Jet Trader" under contract to the U.S. Military Air Transport Service, airlifted more than 46 tons of supplies from Chicago to Vietnam. It then flew back non-stop from Japan to Delaware—742 miles—in 12 hours and 25 minutes...an average speed of 598 mph.



FINAL ASSEMBLY OF MAMMOTH SPACECRAFT is taking place in this huge tooling tower complex at the Douglas Space Systems Center. Here, the S-IVB stages of the NASA Saturn moon rockets are being assembled, tested and given complete system checkouts.



WE'RE BUILDING THE SIMPLEST JETLINER IN THE WORLD. The new Douglas DC-9, scheduled to fly in 1965, has far fewer components than other jetliners. Yet it has a completely independent back-up system for every major system to add even more reliability.



EXPLORING ADVANCED MISSILE TECHNIQUES in relation to present tactical and strategic military problems, Douglas is using experience gained in producing over 40,000 missiles. These involve air-to-air, air-to-ground, ground-to-air and ground-to-ground missions.



OUR BOOSTERS HAVE LAUNCHED MORE SATELLITES than those of all other companies combined. The NASA/Douglas Delta alone was responsible for boosting a record twenty-two satellites in succession into orbit, including *Syncom, Telstar, Tires, Relay and Ariel*.

IN THE AIR OR OUTER SPACE... **DOUGLAS** GETS THINGS DONE!

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

The networks plan to cover the nominating proceedings at San Francisco's Cow Palace until the last ballot is counted. CBS is using four times as much manpower and equipment as in 1960, features 22 on-the-scene correspondents, including Anchorman Walter Cronkite. Reporters Harry Reasoner and Eric Sevareid. NBC has brought 60 tons of equipment, is building four complete studios, and Chet Huntley and David Brinkley will be bolstered by Floor Reporters John Chancellor and Frank McGee. In addition to Pundits Howard K. Smith and Edward P. Morgan, ABC viewers can benefit at least twice a day from the insights of Special Commentators Dwight Eisenhower, Ike's former Press Secretary James Hagerty, and ABC Editor William Lawrence.

Wednesday, July 15

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION (ABC, NBC, and CBS, 4:30 p.m.-conclusion)*

Thursday, July 16

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION (ABC, 7 p.m.-conclusion; NBC, 7-11 p.m.; and CBS, 7:30 p.m.-conclusion).

Friday, July 17

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION (ABC, 7 p.m.-conclusion; NBC, 7-11 p.m.; and CBS, 7:30 p.m.-conclusion).

Saturday, July 18

46th P.G.A. CHAMPIONSHIP (CBS, 5-6 p.m.). The nation's leading professional golfers compete from the Columbus Country Club, in Columbus, Ohio.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11 p.m.), Dana Wynter and Richard Egan star in *The View from Pompey's Head*. Color.

Sunday, July 19

P.G.A. CHAMPIONSHIP (CBS, 4:30-6 p.m.). Final holes of the championship.

EISENHOWER REVIEWS THE G.O.P. CONVENTION (ABC, 5-6 p.m.).

THEATER

Straw Hat

There has always been some question as to whether American actors can successfully get themselves up in tights and doublets, flick the old rapiers around, and spew forth Shakespeare. Some have shown they can indeed, and in ever growing numbers others are getting the chance to try, most importantly in the Shakespeare festivals and rep companies that have sprung up from coast to coast, indoors and out, even in reproductions of Elizabethan theaters. Several cities have free performances in parks. And one outdoor theater has imported an entire British rep company.

Notable offerings include:

OREGON SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL (Ashland): *Merchant of Venice*, *Lear*, *Twelfth Night* and *Henry VI Part I*.

OLD GLOBE THEATER (San Diego): *Macbeth*, *Much Ado About Nothing* and *Measure for Measure*.

PILGRIMAGE THEATER (Hollywood Hills): John Houseman's U.C.L.A. production of *Lear*, starring Morris Carnovsky.

RAVINIA FESTIVAL (Highland Park, Ill.): *Henry V*, *Twelfth Night* and *Hamlet*, put

on by a British company under the direction of Peter Dews (who put together TV's "Age of Kings" series).

TRONE GUTHRIE THEATER (Minneapolis): *Henry V*, starring George Grizzard.

GREAT LAKES SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL (Lakewood, Ohio): *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Hamlet*, *Much Ado*, *Henry VI, Richard III* and *Antony and Cleopatra*.

SHAKESPEARE IN CENTRAL PARK (Louisville, Ky.): *Shrew*, *Macbeth* and *As You Like It* (all free).

IRISH HILLS PLAYHOUSE (Onsted, Mich.): *Richard III*, *Shrew*, *Twelfth Night*, *Macbeth* and *Comedy of Errors*.

SHAKESPEARE SUMMER FESTIVAL (Washington, D.C.): *Midsummer Night's Dream* at the foot of the Washington Monument (free).

ACADEMY THEATER (Atlanta): *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Hamlet* and *Henry IV, Part 2*.

AMERICAN SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL (Stratford, Conn.): *Much Ado*, *Richard III* and *Hamlet*.

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL (New York City): *Othello* at Central Park's Delacorte Theater and *Midsummer Night's Dream* touring the boroughs (both free).

STRATFORD FESTIVAL (Stratford, Ont.): *Richard II* and *Lear*.

CINEMA

A SHOT IN THE DARK. As Inspector Clouseau of the Sûreté, Peter Sellers pratfalls his way through a multiple murder case and proves beyond reasonable doubt that he is one of the funniest men alive.

ZULU. Brisk, bloody, eye-filling adventure inspired by the heroism of 130 British soldiers who fought off 4,000 Zulu warriors at Rorke's Drift, Natal, in 1879.

THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN. This massive song-and-dancer based on Meredith Willson's also-ran Broadway musical owes nearly all its buoyancy to a rouscious, winning, free-style performance by Debbie Reynolds as the rich mountain gal who yearns to make a splash in Denver society.

THAT MAN FROM RIO. Poisoned darts and snappish Brazilian crocodiles are among the dangers faced by Jean-Paul Belmondo in hilarious spoof of all the next-earthquake-please action pictures.

NOTHING BUT THE BEST. A mordantly funny variation on *Room at the Top*, this British comedy studies a climber (Alan Bates) who hires an upper-crust crumb to teach him the niceties of snobbery.

THE ORGANIZER. In this vivid, beautiful account of a 19th century strike in Turin, Marcello Mastroianni fascinatingly portrays the early labor leader as a kind of holy hoodlum.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW. The ubiquitous Mastroianni, evenly matched against one of Italy's great natural wonders, Sophia Loren, in three racy modern fables directed by Vittorio De Sica.

BECKET. A stunningly filmed dramatization of the church-state conflict that becomes a death struggle between 12th century Archbishop of Canterbury (Richard Burton) and King Henry II (Peter O'Toole).

BOOKS

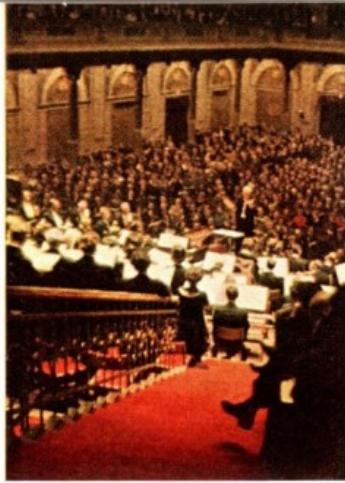
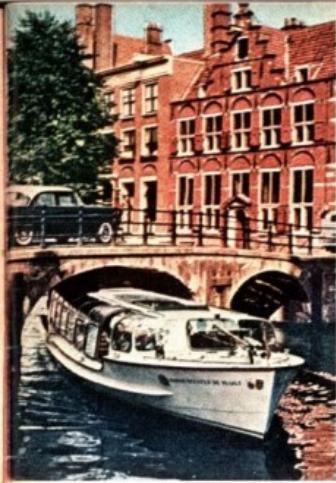
Best Reading

THE FAR FIELD, by Theodore Roethke. These poems, written in the last two years before Roethke died of a heart attack, are



Anyone who drinks beer this pure
can't be all bad.

Bavaria's purity laws for beer are mean, strict and unrelenting. Würzburger must be made only from fragrant hops, fresh yeast, costly barley malt and water. No salt. No sugar. No artificial bubbles. No nonsense. Tough? For us. But nice for you. Würzburger's purity gives you the lightest, cleanest tasting beer in the world. Imported from Germany by Original Beer Importing and Distributing Co., Inc., New York, N.Y.



Three Amsterdam attractions: a canal cruise [left], the Concertgebouw Orchestra [center], windmill and tulips [right].

Reliable KLM presents 3 tips on choosing the perfect place to begin your grand tour of Europe

KLM can fly you to 40 cities in Europe. They're all fascinating. Which one should you visit *first*? Experienced travelers will tell you to look for a place with three features: friendly people, low prices, convenient location. KLM recommends the perfect answer—Amsterdam.

1. Start in a friendly place.

No city is friendlier than Amsterdam.

Perhaps the Dutch feel guilty about buying Manhattan for \$24. Perhaps they just want to show off their English. Whatever the reason, the people of Amsterdam go out of their way to *welcome* Americans.

But they are not content just to say hello and then leave you to find your own way around. They have special plans to help you get acquainted.

First, Dutch families invite you to visit their homes. Second, Dutch students act as guides. They will show you the Tower of Tears, the Rijksmuseum, Rembrandt's House and the *Amsterdamer*'s favorite spots.

To learn more about how to "get in touch with the Dutch," clip coupon.

2. Pick a thrifty gateway.

Some people spend a fortune in their heads, first few days in Europe. Then they have to

scrimp and scrape for the remainder of their trip. In Amsterdam, prices are so *low*, you won't suddenly run through a fortune.

You can feast on a 20-dish Balinese dinner for \$3.50. Stay in the *grandest* hotels for as little as \$9.50. Spend a princely evening in a nightclub for \$6. Two days of high living needn't cost more than \$30 in Amsterdam.

3. Choose a city that's close to other cities.

From Amsterdam, you can fly to London, Paris, Brussels or Cologne in one hour.

Flights leave for London almost every hour on the hour.

Also, Amsterdam sits on the edge of

the continent. It's a *sensible* place to begin. You can do a circular tour of the continent without backtracking.

How to see Amsterdam for no extra air fare

It needn't cost you any more to go to friendly Amsterdam first. You can fly to any city in continental Europe and visit Amsterdam on the way for *no extra air fare*. Just ask your travel agent to book you on KLM with a KLM "bonus city" ticket.

KLM has a new 20-page brochure that tells you lots more about Amsterdam and some extraordinary KLM tour values. For a free copy, clip coupon.

FREE KLM BROCHURE



KLM's colorful new vacation catalog is chockful of KLM travel bargains in Europe, the Mediterranean, the Caribbean and around the world. Clip coupon for free copy. You will also get details on how to "get in touch with the Dutch."

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NYR1



You recognize *The Man in the White Suit*—Commander Edward Whitehead.

**The President of Schweppes U. S. A.
tells why Schweppes Tonic always has the same classic flavor
—whether you drink it in Hong Kong, Palm Springs, or Paris**

WILL you love your Gin-and-Schweppes Tonic in Tasmania the way you do at home?

"Of course you will!" promises Commander Edward Whitehead, President of Schweppes U.S.A. "Because it will *taste* just as delicious. Same persistent little bubbles. Same thirst-quenching, bittersweet flavor."

NYR2

You see, every bottle of Schweppes Tonic, no matter *where* in the world it is bottled, begins with the same secret blend of exotic ingredients.

That's why, in 63 countries, connoisseurs insist on Schweppes for an authentic Tonic Drink.

Then there's Schweppervescence—famous little bubbles that last your

whole drink through. Nobody, anywhere, has succeeded in imitating Schweppes unique carbonation.

So whether you ask the barman for Gin-and-Tonic, Vodka-and-Tonic, Rum-and-Tonic, or plain Tonic...see that you get *Schweppes* Tonic. Made from imported English ingredients.

Curiously refreshing!



beautiful in themselves and provide for him an astonishingly true memorial. All the themes of which he was a master reappear: the greenhouse, the root, the plant and a troubled reaching toward God.

TO AN EARLY GRAVE, by Wallace Markfield. On a kind of comic Volkswagen odyssey through Brooklyn, four Greenwich Village intellectuals search for the funeral of a compatriot and discover themselves: pathetic, rather pretentious fellows who at heart prefer the cult of Humphrey Bogart to the cult of the *Partisan Review*.

TWO NOVELS, by Brigid Brophy. These short novels contain glittering prose, a variety of verbal tricks, and almost too many *tours de force* to digest at one reading. Already known as the most tart-tongued of British critics, Author Brophy has now hit a fictional stride that should place her well up in the ranks of Britain's formidable array of lady novelists.

THE SCARPERER, by Brendan Behan. To "scarpa" in Gaelic is to escape, and Behan runs off with some Dublin weirdos glorifying their past and dreaming their future. This short novel is vintage Behan (1953).

A MOVEABLE FEAST, by Ernest Hemingway. This memoir of Paris, which the author suggested should be read as fiction, has a ghostly quality; it reads as if the author had written in the '20s what in fact he wrote in the '50s. All the famous writers are there: James Joyce, Ezra Pound, Gertrude Stein, the Fitzgeralds, characterized memorably, if sometimes nastily.

THE INCONGRUOUS SPY, by John Le Carré. A reissue of the author's first two books in one volume. One is a slightly fey mystery set in C. Day Lewis' social set at Oxford; the other is a dress rehearsal for *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*—with all the props, some of the characters and bleak tone. Both plots are exciting.

JULIAN, by Gore Vidal. Into his fleeting reign as Emperor of Rome (A.D. 361-363) Julian crammed enough wars and grandiose plans to make Alexander the Great seem inert. With elegance and flourish, Vidal's novel records every last adventure, including Julian's attempt to abolish Christianity, but it does not quite capture its elusive subject.

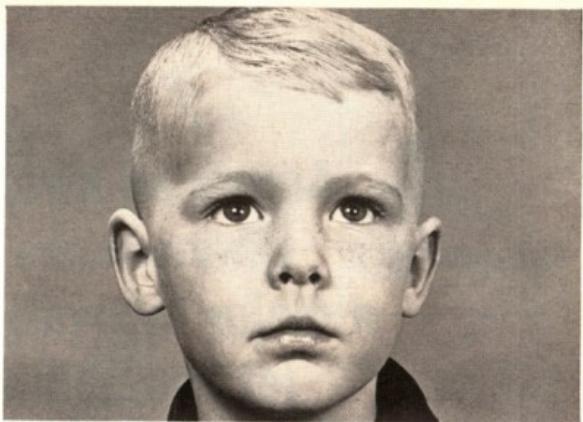
Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*, Le Carré (1 last week)
2. *Convention*, Knebel and Bailey (2)
3. *Armageddon*, Uris (6)
4. *Julian*, Vidal (8)
5. *Condé, Southern and Hoffenberg* (3)
6. *The Spire*, Golding (7)
7. *The Group*, McCarthy (5)
8. *The Night in Lisbon*, Remarque (4)
9. *The 480*, Burdick
10. *Von Ryan's Express*, Westheimer (10)

NONFICTION

1. *A Moveable Feast*, Hemingway (1)
2. *The Invisible Government*, Wise and Ross (3)
3. *Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage* (2)
4. *Crisis in Black and White*, Silberman
5. *The Green Felt Jungle*, Reid and Demaris (8)
6. *Horlow*, Schulman
7. *A Day in the Life of President Kennedy*, Bishop (5)
8. *Diplomat Among Warriors*, Murphy (4)
9. *Profiles in Courage*, Kennedy (9)
10. *My Years with General Motors*, Sloan (10)



When he graduates from college...



This ELJER lavatory will still be keeping first graders clean

Twenty years or more isn't an unusual life span for Eljer fixtures like the "Delwyn" vitreous china lavatory with Eljer Lifetime Brass fittings. Behind such longevity are quality materials and craftsmanship. Eljer also carefully makes fixtures from sturdy cast iron and formed steel; gives each a gleaming finish that resists acids. Whatever the material, they're good looking, too, styled to stay in fashion year after year. When you want long-lived, low-maintenance fixtures and fittings for your schools, specify Eljer. For more information, write The Murray Corporation of America, Eljer Plumbingware Division, Dept. TM, P.O. Box 836, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230

ELJER
SINCE 1904 FINE PLUMBING FIXTURES

**American Airlines
announces
a major innovation in
jet scheduling
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Every-other-hour departures throughout the business day.

(The most convenient transcontinental schedule in airline history.)

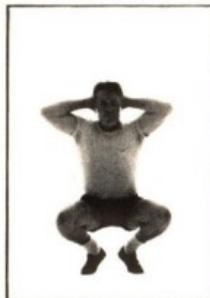
A total of 14 non-stop jet flights.

(More than any other airline ever.)

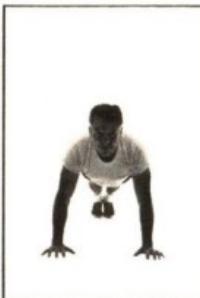
On-the-hour departures.

(The most easily remembered timetable possible.)

To Los Angeles: 10 am, 12 noon, 2, 4, 6, 8 and 11:15 pm / To New York: 9, 10 and 11 am, 1, 3, 5 and 11 pm.



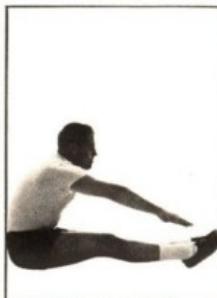
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push-up



pump



sit-up



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002



I WANT YOU

Are we still Yankee Doodle Dandies?

In a recent issue of TV Guide magazine, Donald Hyatt, producer of Project 20's telecast "The Red, White and Blue," told of some of his experiences in putting the show together. At a Veterans Day parade, for instance, Mr. Hyatt watched 25 Old Glories come fluttering down Fifth Avenue to a resounding silence. Hats remained on, arms hung listlessly. Uncle Sam's nieces and nephews were unmoved.

Mr. Hyatt also cited instances in which the spirit is still very much alive, and gave thoughtful comment on the subtle changes patriotism has undergone in modern America.

"What Happened to the Spirit of '76 in '64?" is characteristic of the broad spectrum of interest our readers have in the serious as well as the light side of television. Our subject matter may range from S. J. Perelman's lament on television writing for profit to Senator John Pastore's views on television's stand on free speech.

With it, TV Guide magazine commands a reading attention unmatched by any other mass magazine. Starch Adnorms are also dominant and the cost efficiency is unequalled among mass publications. This is why TV Guide with 21 million adult readers is such an impressive medium for your advertising.

SOME FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT OUR MAGAZINE

On October 3, TV Guide's rate base will go to 9 million with no increase in CPM. A dual audience family magazine, TV Guide affords advertisers far greater concentration (41.8%) among the heavy-spending under-35 adult age group than Life, Post, or Reader's Digest. TV Guide magazine can play a vital role in your advertising—and sales.

Source: 1964 Standard Magazine Report. W. R. Simmons & Associates Research, Inc.

America's Biggest Selling Weekly Magazine



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Bringing a touch of home to 2,500,000 Americans in uniform, guarding our freedom around the world. But U.S.O. gets no government funds. All its good work depends on some 80,000 volunteer workers, and the money you contribute. Tell 'em someone back home cares:

GIVE through your local United Fund or Community Chest.

Published as a public service in co-operation
with The Advertising Council

NY6

THE NEW YORK FAIR

The fair is fun, in hundreds of pavilions, amusements and restaurants sprawled over an area almost as large as Central Park. To see it with pleasure calls for some planning. Herewith some highlights.

PAVILIONS

SPAIN'S pavilion is a gentle interlacing of courtyards and corridors filled with endless surprises of light and shadow. Its attractions include priceless paintings of old and modern masters, an impressive showing of its young avant-garde artists, folk dancers who perform in a garden studded with red geraniums and, in the Market Plaza, hot *churros* and cold *horchata*. It alone is easily worth a day at the fair.

JAPAN juxtaposes its ancient arts with its modern technological achievements: the delicacy of flower arranging and a model of the world's fastest train, wood-block printing and powerful microscopes. Dominating the three-building complex is one of the finest works of art created for the fair—Masayuki Nagare's thunderous stone wall, carved out of lava rock.

JOHNSON'S WAX has a fine film totally innocent of commercial or waxy intent. A little boy stares at the city through a prism that changes boredom to beauty. For the viewer the film does much the same thing. *To Be Alive!* is one of the few events worth a wait.

GENERAL ELECTRIC. Part of the outside wall revolves, taking six auditoriums full of people around Walt Disney's puppet drama of domestic electricity. In the building's core, there is a show about the universe on the dome and a display of atom fusion in the basement.

IBM. A huge hydraulic mechanism grinds away and whisks you 53 ft. up into IBM's huge egg nesting in steel trees. There you can peek 90 ft. down to the ground or settle back and be assaulted by a plethora of images flipping onto nine screens faster than you can blink.

COCA-COLA. In this delightful walk-through exhibit, Coke turns up in the darnedest places: hidden in a Hong Kong fish market, along the Taj Mahal's jasmine-scented promenade, tucked in a Bavarian snowbank, cooling in a Cambodian rain forest, or gracing the captain's table on a cruise ship to Rio.

PROTESTANT AND ORTHODOX CENTER. For an eloquent little film called *Parable*, Writer-Director Rolf Forsberg chose a setting much like the fair itself. A sad-eyed clown in whiteface trails behind a circus troupe, collects a host of friends and a slew of enemies. Finally, when he frees some human puppets from their cruel manipulator, he is symbolically crucified.

FINE ARTS. The former Argentine pavilion makes a splendid, spacious showcase for "American Art Today"—250 paintings, prints and sculptures from as many contemporary artists. Most modern masters are represented, but a certain homogeneity makes the exhibition less exciting than it could have been.

ILLINOIS. Honest Abe sits somber and silent in a high-back chair, rises, bows, and delivers a 10-min. oration. Disney's Lincoln is a little stolid, but then he is stuffed with things like steel, air tubes and hydraulic valves.

FLORIDA has pink flamingos nuzzling in

a garden, porpoises prancing in a pool, and a little gem of an art show. The 13 paintings and three sculptures, all masterworks, include a Rubens, a Veronese, one of Monet's wavy *Water Lilies*, a smooth Brancusi bronze, a stark Soulages and Gaston Lachaise's *Elevation*.

VATICAN. Some 78,000 people daily have been viewing the *Pietà*. That its monumental tenderness manages to penetrate the frigid atmosphere is a tribute to Michelangelo's genius. In the chapel upstairs is *The Good Shepherd*, a magnificent early Roman sculpture, also from the Vatican's vast collection.

GENERAL MOTORS' Futurama ride glides past floating space stations and aquacopters touring the ocean's depths. What excites the imagination most is what seems most possible (and needed): three dream cars designed to run on automatic highways where the driver would push a route-programmed punch card into a slot, turn over all controls for the trip to an electronic system.

FORD. New cars carry fairgoers into a Disney version of the prehistoric past; the rest of the place seems filled with Fords—new, old, antique, and even parked in ponds around the pavilion like, well, like water lilies.

ENTERTAINMENT

OREGON. A logger jubiles on the banks of the Flushing River, Husky lumberjacks like "Big Bad John" Miller saw and chop through giant timber in jig time, logrollers joust each other into the amber waters, and a death-defying tree-topper climbs a towering Douglas fir to do the Charleston 110 ft. up—without a net.

CARIBBEAN. At night torches blaze in the breeze, couples congregate at thatched-roof tables, while brown-skinned babes in tighter-than-skin pants gyrate to the hot blasts and calypso beat of bongo drums and steel bands. There is no place to dance, but the itchy-footed shake or shuffle outside on the sidewalk. It is, perhaps, better not to mention the food, but there is a \$3 minimum after 6 p.m.

HELICOPTER TOUR. From the air, the riotous array of bubble-tops, fluted roofs and rainbow-colored domes make the fair look like a toyland tucked along Flushing Bay. Choppers lift off every eight minutes from the Port Authority heliport, make a figure 8 before plumping back down.

THE AFRICAN PAVILION is the swingingest—and the noisiest—place at the fair. For \$1 you can walk past monkeys, giraffes, and native *objets d'art* into a gravel clearing surrounded by African huts flying the flags of 24 small nations, there watch red-robed Royal Burundi drummers, Olatunji and his passion drums, and gaily garbed Watusi warrior dancers.

CHILDREN & TEENAGERS

U.S. RUBBER. A giant rubber tire, six stories tall, frames a newfangled Ferris wheel popular with youngsters. After loading up, the swinging bucket seats go for a two-trip spin over the top.

HALL OF SCIENCE, Atomsville, U.S.A., is strictly for small fry. So that parents will take the hint, the entrance is only 5-ft. high. The little visitors can prospect for uranium on a world map, produce elec-

I understand you are

"The Manchester Guardian
of America."

And I hear you are

"The Washington Post
of Britain."



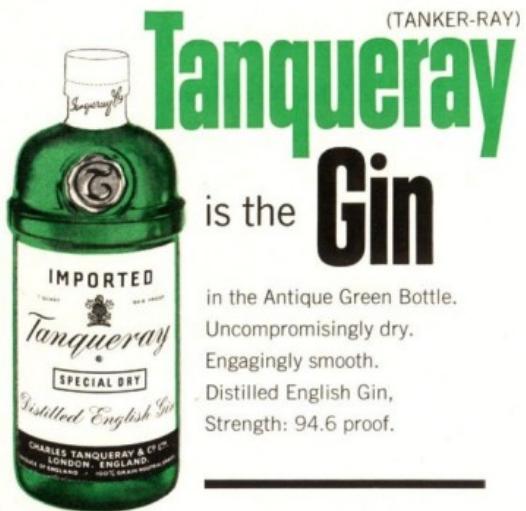
Not really. The Guardian follows the British formula of national daily circulation and backs this with a Weekly of worldwide distribution. The Washington Post fits the American pattern of locally concentrated circulation and does this so well it's read

by three out of five Washingtonians, has nearly 50% more circulation and much more advertising than any other Washington paper.

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tricity by riding bicycles, shoot "neutrons" at "uranium atoms" on a pinball machine, and measure their weight in atoms. They seem to have plenty of fun, whether or not they learn very much about atoms.

TIVOLI GARDENS PLAYGROUND. The Danes are adept at entertaining children, and they take it seriously. Created by 13 of Denmark's top artists and architects, the playground is modeled after Copenhagen's. Kids can sail paper boats in shallow canals or swoop down a slippery slide into a sandbox, sit at tiny-tot tables and watch fireflies lit in the trees or play hide-and-seek in a maze with magic mirrors.

MINNESOTA brings a bit of the Big Woods to Flushing Meadow. Through winding waters and twisting tunnels, you can paddle your own canoe or, from a wooden bridge, fish for well-fed trout that will outfox the most dexterous angler.

RESTAURANTS

FESTIVAL OF GAS. Its blue and green color scheme is one of the coolest sights in the industrial area. From the glass-walled room, the diner can look out over a flower-sprinkled moat while enjoying such entrées as compote of squab, tenderloin flared in bourbon or baked country ham, \$6-\$12.

TOLEDO, in the Spanish pavilion, "French cuisine is the best in the world," says Spanish Chef Francisco Gonzalez, "that is, the way I do it." The way he does it is just fine, and so is the service by a small armada of trim, bolero-jacketed waiters, \$5-\$25. The pavilion's No. 2 restaurant, the Granada, serves an all-Spanish menu that features gazpacho and paella at slightly lower prices.

THE MILLSTONE. From the colonial atmosphere of the New England pavilion's restaurant, you can look out onto a millpond while enjoying down East specialties like johnnycakes with hot maple syrup, clam chowder, giant breaded lobster, blueberry slump and apple grunt, \$5-\$9.

MOLTRAY'S POLYNESIAN. The Polynesian punch, served in an earthen vessel that looks like a tiny to'em pole, is garnished with fruits and flowers and a little lantern. Egg rolls are stuffed with tangy tidbits, and steak and shrimp are served on small bamboo spears, \$3-\$12.

FOCOLARE, in the Mexican pavilion, is one of the handsomest dining rooms at the fair. It serves good Mexican food (chicken, tacos and enchiladas) while mariachis serenade the cocktail crowd in the Café Alameda below, \$4-\$15.

MARYLAND'S restaurant overlooks a fisherman's wharf with eel pots dangling in the water, is a favorite for those who like down-home cooking. On the menu: terrapin, shad roe and, of course, Southern-style fried chicken, \$3-\$10.

DENMARK. The modern Danish restaurant has a sumptuous cold table that includes herring, lobster, salmon and eight different meats. The akvavit comes packed in ice, and packs a wallop of its own, \$6.

SWEDEN, too, has a smorgasbord, but here you help yourself, \$6.

INDONESIA. The royal-looking pavilion shaped like a crown houses a favorite feeding spot for potentates and VIPs. An Indonesian feast is served, while on a center stage Sumatran and Balinese beauties oscillate to the contrapuntal gongs of the gamelan, \$7.

* Dinner prices per person.



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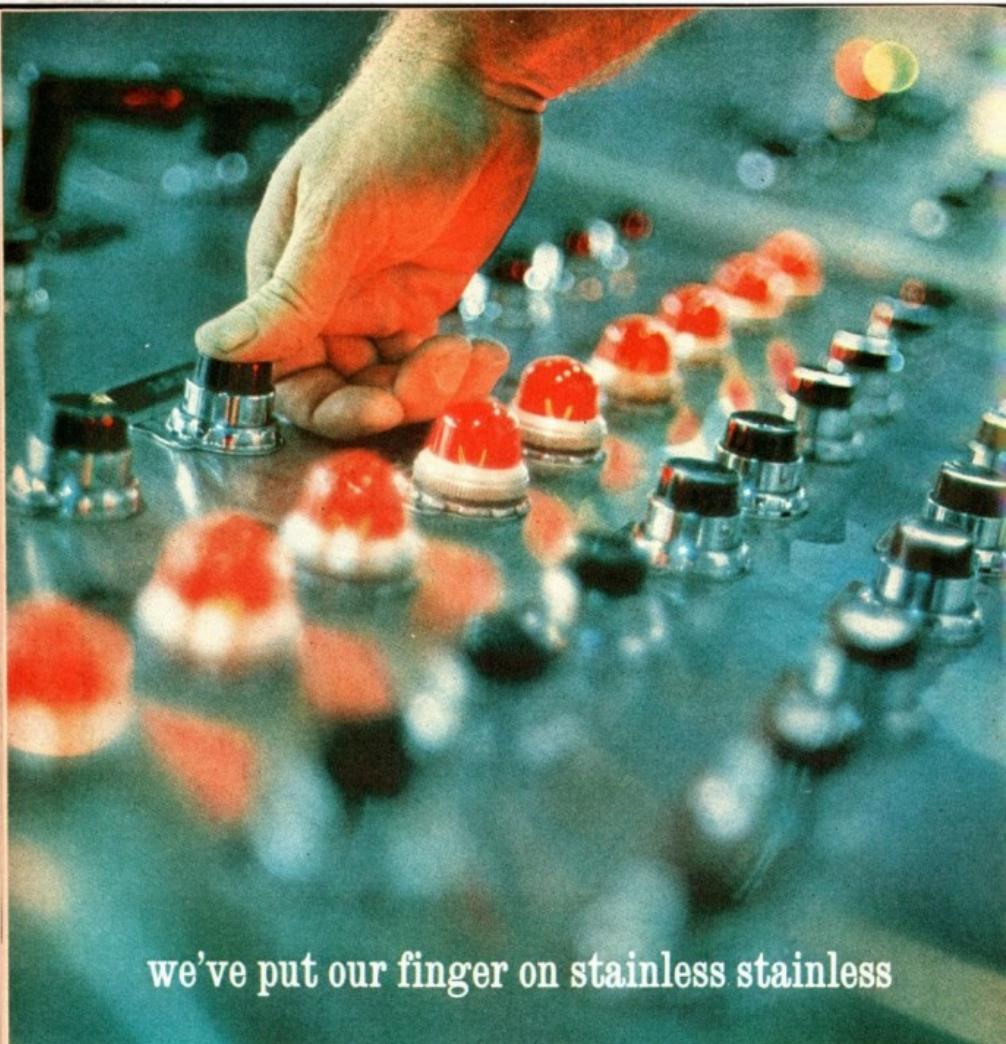


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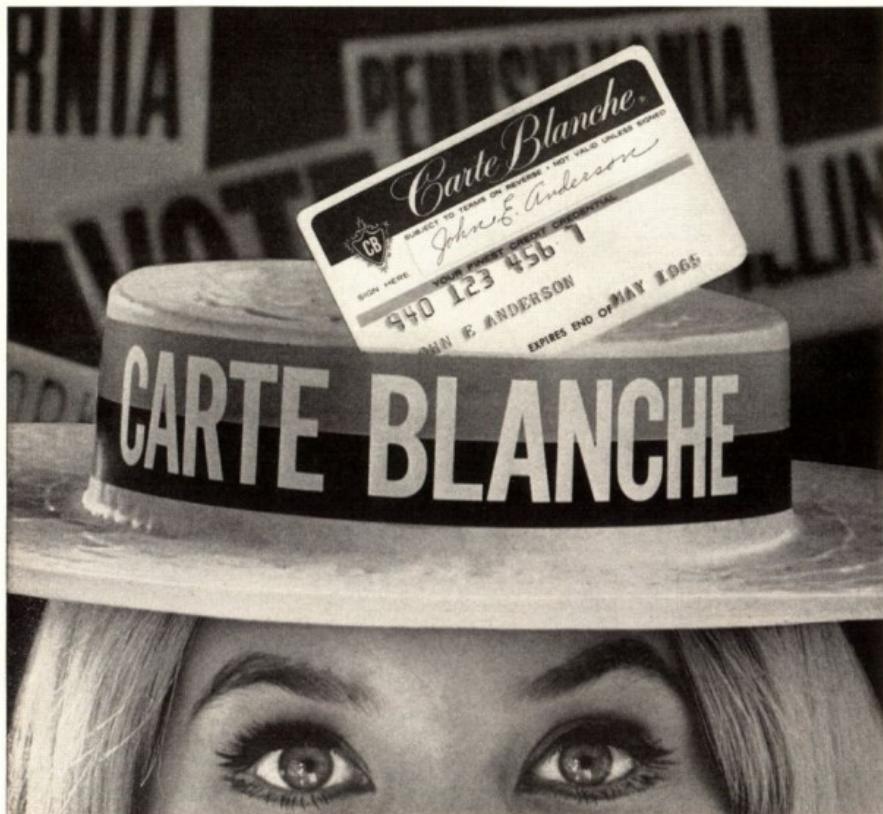


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LETTERS

Party in San Francisco

Sir: How can anyone blame Ike for refusing to endorse a G.O.P. nominee for President? After all, it was he who recommended our present Chief Justice. Such a horrible blunder should keep him silent for the rest of his life.

V. C. SILER

Ramona, Calif.

Sir: President Johnson is selling this country short by his refusal to tell the American people the truth about the dangers we face with Red China and Russia. Senator Goldwater is a true American who wants to defend the rights of every American. When Goldwater becomes President, the White House will become a place of truth and sincerity.

NICHOLAS KLIROS

Lowell, Mass.

Sir: I am disturbed by the large number of letters in your column that imply that one is not for Goldwater one's patriotism is somehow suspect. I hope that such a basically undemocratic way of thinking represents only a small number of the Goldwater supporters.

HOWARD C. WOLFE

New York City

Sir: If Goldwater wins the nomination, Lyndon Johnson gets my vote, and the Democratic Party gets my registration. My Republican Party will be defunct, and I cannot support a party remade to conform with a man who is not a Republican.

C. G. CAMPBELL

Annapolis

Sir: Barry Goldwater represents the first major breakthrough in "political conservatism" since the days of Teddy Roosevelt. Let's rid ourselves of this clique of liberals, Commie lovers, "intellectuals" and spendnuts; let's extinguish the eternal flame of mediocrity and move up to greatness.

C. RAND

Boston

Sir: It is a downright pity to see great Americans like Romney, Ike and Dirksen refuse to speak against Barry. Instead of doing what they know is morally right, they jump on Barry's bandwagon for personal rewards. As a Democrat, I congratulate Scranton and Lodge for giving Goldwater a fight.

RICHARD CONSOLA

Boston

Sir: Goldwater's views do not disturb me so much as the fact that his views apparently do not represent the majority

of Republicans in this country. I hope that the system by which we nominate a candidate for the presidency has not degenerated to the point where the candidate is chosen irrespective of the wishes of the people who make up the party.

RICHARD SELDEN EATON

Washington, D.C.

Sir: Senator Dirksen's nimble leap aboard the Goldwater bandwagon [July 1] is a sad exercise in a politician's descent from statesmanship. We are fortunate that he cannot take back the civil rights bill and the test ban treaty even as he forfeits our confidence and trust.

DAVID L. PASSMAN

Chicago

Sir: It is difficult for me, or any other Republican, to believe that Senator Dirksen "fully intends to be on what he feels is the winning side." It is more factual to say that Dirksen is on the side that he feels is the right side—win, lose, or draw.

KURT BAYMILLER

Watertown, S. Dak.

Missing in Mississippi

Sir: Your statement that "despite its high purpose, the Negro revolution breeds violence and death" [July 3] must have been welcomed in the South. If the three young men had chosen to spend a less dedicated, more relaxed summer, if Postman William Moore had stayed off the highways, if the Negro girls had slept late and not attended their Birmingham church, and if Medgar Evers had never joined the N.A.A.C.P., there would still be violence and death in the South. There always has been.

ANITA ZELMAN

Los Angeles

Sir: I am outraged and disgusted that members of our U.S. Navy are used for the purpose of trying to locate three no-good rabblerousers in the South. Schwerin, Chaney and Goodman went to Mississippi looking for trouble, and if they got it, they deserved it.

MRS. ROBERT W. LISTER

Lawton, Okla.

Sir: Would not the people in the North react violently to an equal number of Southern students entering Harlem with a similar purpose? Human nature being what it is, I believe they would. It is time for the Northern press and civil rights groups to take care of their own problems before

interfering in those of the South. When will the hypocrisy end?

J. DAVID KELLEY

Wayne, N.J.

Key to Defeat?

Sir: The warm and enthusiastic reception that Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy received from the people of Poland [July 10] shows that the key to the defeat of Communism lies in Eastern Europe. If handled correctly, the affection that the satellite countries have for Western democracy will spread into the Soviet Union itself.

JOHN J. NEUBERT

Yonkers, N.Y.

Scanning Scandinavia

Sir: You managed to bring the whole world of Scandinavia concisely and fully into the pages of TIME [July 3]. You pinpointed the reasons why the number of North American visitors to Denmark, Finland, Norway and Sweden have increased more than three times over in the last ten years: they go, not only for pleasure, but also to observe and study the exciting and, on the whole, remarkably successful Scandinavian solutions for so many of the problems that face all societies.

TORE H. NILBERT

President

Scandinavian Airlines System, Inc.
New York City

Sir: Although I have always been sharply critical of TIME, I must admit you have made an honest and objective presentation of the subject of Scandinavia. You did not spice the story with distortions on Scandinavian welfare schemes, suicide rates, divorce rates, etc. I was amazed at your treatment of sexual mores. It's good to know that it is possible for the nation's largest newsmagazine to report objectively.

ROGER RAPOORT

North Muskegon, Mich.

Sir: I would guess that your picture of the "craggy Scandinavian coast" must be the wild west of Norway, but where?

REIDAR F. SOGNNAES, M.D.

Los Angeles

► Wrong guess. It's the western coast of Sudero, one of the Faroe Islands belonging to Denmark.—Ed.

Sir: I am here on a holiday visiting American relatives, and read your Scandinavia article. Why do you deceive your readers into thinking we Swedes are capitalist? We have been Socialist for many years. As for having a living standard higher than yours, I never see at home the poverty, filth and lack of hope I see here in the U.S.

BERIT ENGSTROM

St. Louis

Sir: Having been a regular visitor to Scandinavia for 15 years, I am appreciative of your article. However, the article failed to give due recognition to Norway, the country that has been our closest ally from a military standpoint, as well as a land offering more cultural, scenic and commercial attractions than were depicted. You failed to mention that Norway's unemployed totals about 2,700, or about $\frac{1}{3}$ of 1% of the total population. Norway gives benefits to its workers as yet unheard of in the U.S. but industry still competes in world markets.

D. F. NUGENT JR.

Wellesley, Mass.

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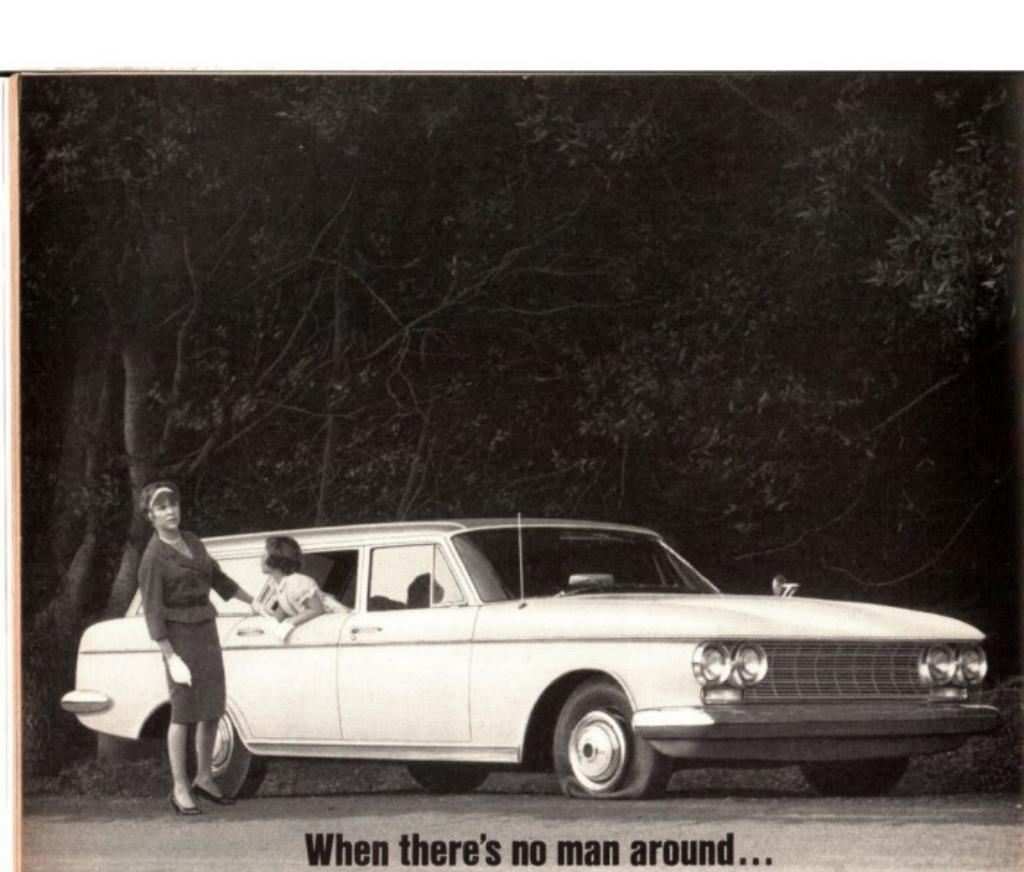
So take four or five parts gin or vodka, add one part Rose's, ice and stir. Martini drinker, cool off.





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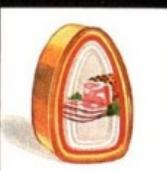
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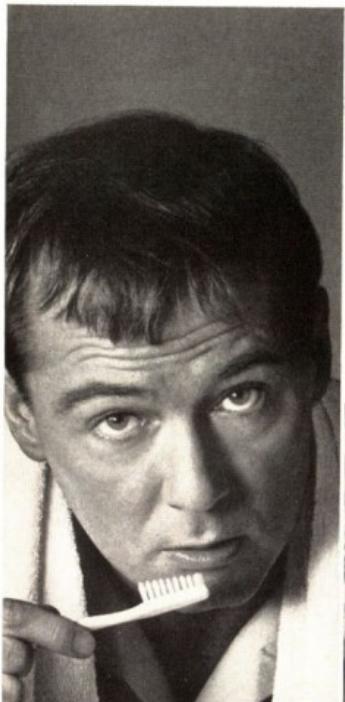
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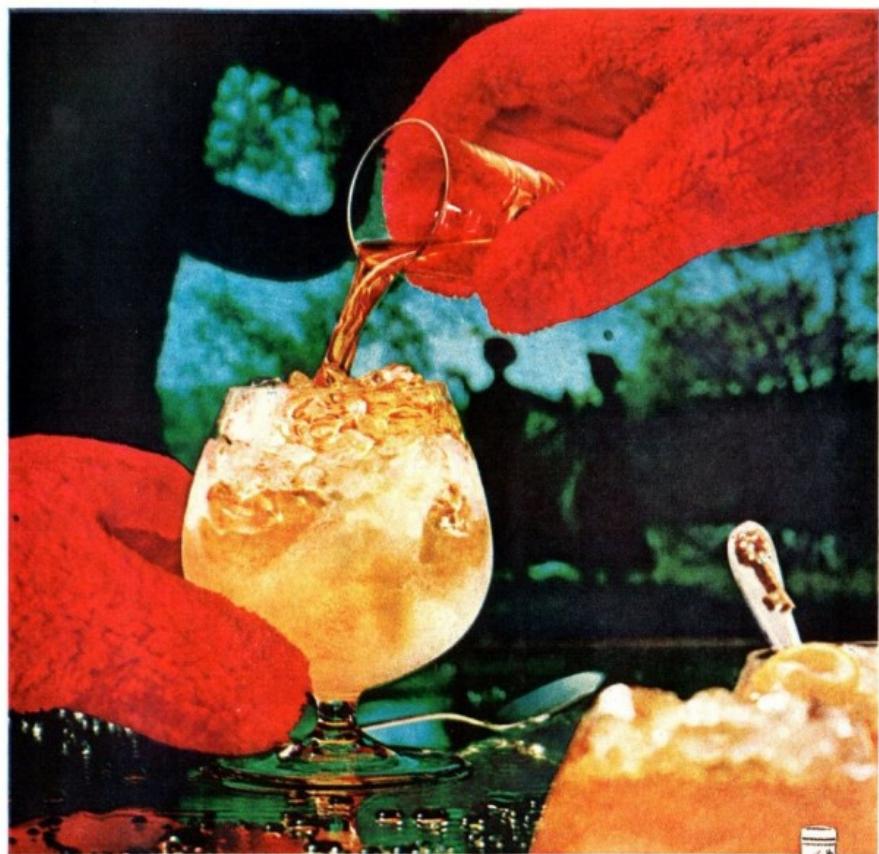


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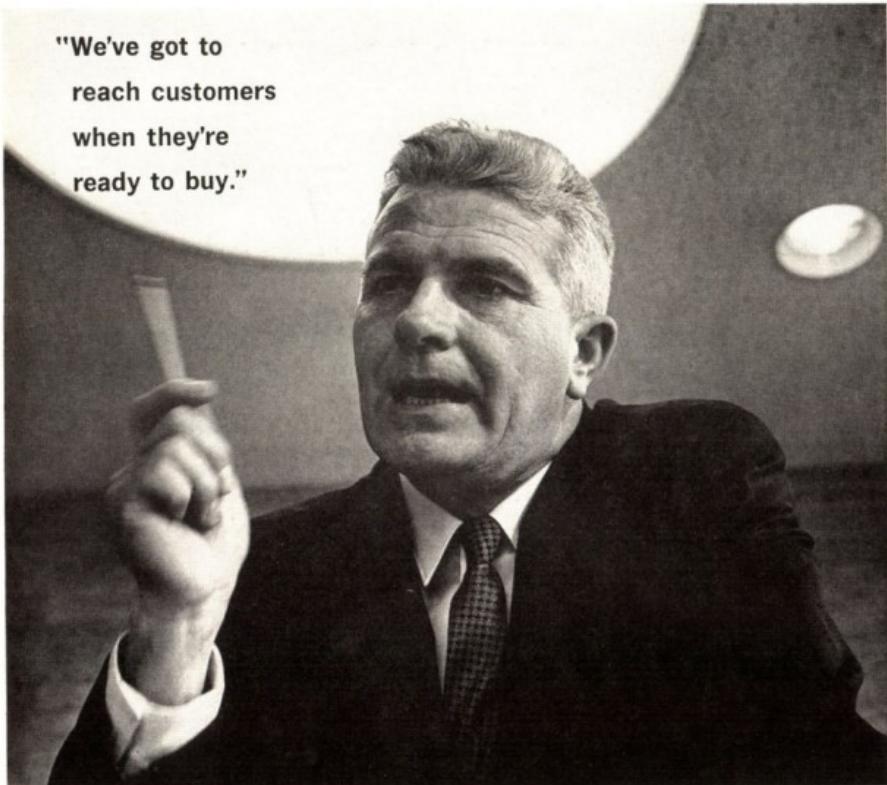
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

July 17, 1964

Vol. 84, No. 3

THE NATION

REPUBLICANS

The Cinched Nomination

In its main order of business, the 1964 Republican National Convention was all but over before it began. Barry Goldwater's presidential nomination was as close to a cinch as anything in politics can be.

But that conclusion did very little concluding. Still stretching ahead was the steep, stone-stubbed campaign road to November. And in their anger and anguish at Goldwater's imminent nomination, Barry's Republican critics seized on battle cries that will echo hither and yon—and be picked up by the Democrats—throughout the coming campaign.

When Forthrightness Is Wrong. Candidate William Scranton put it one way. He told the sparse airport audience that greeted his arrival in San Francisco that he would continue his anti-Goldwater fight to keep the G.O.P. from becoming "another name for some ultra-rightist society."

Nelson Rockefeller avowed to the convention Platform Committee that the party cannot expect to win if it seeks to serve "the narrow interests of a minority within a minority"—that is, the Goldwater interests. Henry Cabot Lodge said: "We must never countenance such a thing as a trigger-happy foreign policy which would negate everything we stand for and destroy everything we hope for—including life itself. Many times in foreign relations the thing to do is not to be forthright." Michigan's Governor George Romney asked that the G.O.P. "unequivocally repudiate extremism of the right and the left and reject their efforts to infiltrate or attach themselves to our party or its candidates."

Suicide in Full View? What all this strong talk added up to was the proposition that Goldwater's nomination would cause an irreparable party split, that by nominating Barry, the G.O.P., in effect, would be committing suicide in full public view.

But would it? Though many Democrats might desire it, the answer was no. If Goldwater, by some miracle of political chemistry, were to be denied the nomination, there would indeed be a split, even the possibility of a third party formed by his followers. But with Barry on the very brink of victory,

there was no evidence whatever that his Republican critics had enough cohesion to make 1964 a Bull Moose year.

Goldwater's nomination may cause some professional Republicans, for their own particular and perhaps understandable reasons, to stray from the national party fold. Among these is New York's Senator Kenneth Keating, up for re-election this year in a northeastern industrial state where Barry has little appeal. Keating has decided to wage his Senate campaign as an "independent" Republican if Goldwater is nominated, and last week he hinted that he might even vote for Lyndon Johnson in November. "I'm a good Republican," said Keating, "but not a hidebound Republican."

Next Step. As for all the talk that Goldwater represents only a small segment of the Republican spectrum, that he would be the nominee of "a minority within a minority," Barry had his own facts and figures to point at. After all, the overwhelming delegate strength that he brought to San Francisco came

from all sections of the U.S., and could by no means be narrowly categorized as a mere handful of "extremists."

None of this means that Goldwater is going to have anything but a desperately difficult time trying to beat President Johnson. His party, if not split, is deeply divided. Having surged to the nomination as the G.O.P.'s Mr. Conservative, he must next conciliate and corral his party's more liberal members if he is to have a chance of election. In other words, his theme from now on must be party unity.

He made a good start in San Francisco. Warnings went out to his workers, who were thronging into the city, not to be too obstreperous in their enthusiasm. When the anti-Goldwater forces tried to pick a fight over the party platform, Barry was all sweet reason. He could and would, he said, heartily endorse almost any document the Platform Committee chose to write, and in the unlikely event that the committee were to produce a platform upon which he could not stand, he would "do



GOLDWATER & ELEPHANT SIGN AT SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT
When candor is a virtue instead of a vice.

the only honest thing; I would withdraw from the race."

All for One & One for All. More than anything else, Barry preached party unity in his appearance before the Platform Committee, which furnished some of the few dramatic moments of the pre-convention week. At times his harsh, hoarse voice took on a quality that seemed to electrify his audience, which interrupted him 35 times with cheers and hand clapping.

In that statement, Goldwater spoke less of the arguments that divide Republicans than of "the great base of principle" that unites them. "It is urgent," he said, "that we revitalize our constitutional principles in all branches of government, that we reverse the accelerating drift into arbitrary and distant power by reclaiming our legacy of checks and balances."

Goldwater said he was startled by the few times that previous speakers had mentioned Communism. But he was quite willing to make it an issue. "The standard we raise at home is one to which men can repair around the world," he said. "In our reluctance to impose our own ways upon others, we must not be blind to the fact that the world, whether we like it or not, is in a time of choosing . . . When we speak of peace today, and the threats to it, we must, whether we like it or not, speak of Communism.

"We cannot condone the foreign policy of this Administration. This Administration pretends that Communism has so changed that we can now accommodate it. Our party cannot go the final and fatal step and pretend that it doesn't even exist. Your party and mine can responsibly remind all free men that Communism is the enemy—not a friend, and certainly not a fiction."

As a party, Goldwater concluded, the Republicans should identify the central issues of the times and declare the fundamental principles upon which they claim the right of leadership. It is principle, he said, principle and purpose that mark the path of Republican philosophy.

And it is principle and purpose, convincingly displayed during the campaign, that could reunite the Republican Party and give their nominee a chance to beat Johnson.

Back with the Old Barry

Now the Goldwater bandwagon came rolling into the convention city. And behind the wheel, breezy and relaxed as a one-arm driver who is supremely confident of conquest in his courtship, sat Barry Goldwater.

During many of the months of his campaign for the G.O.P. nomination, Goldwater had seemed irritable, withdrawn, genuinely reluctant to fare forth to meet we-the-people, a reckless pop-off in his informal pronouncements, and a wooden soldier while reading his formal speeches.

All this dismayed friends and follow-



GOLDWATER AT HOME IN PHOENIX
For the house in the Elks Club bar.

ers who had come to know him as a charming companion, a bluff, gruff-spoken man whose candor was a virtue rather than a vice, a candidate with deep convictions, if not the learnedness or the lingo of a political scientist, about a particular philosophy of government.

"Win We Will!" For while, something had happened to that old Barry. But last week, in the full expectation of victory, he was back. He started out in his own Arizona, riding a palomino in a Prescott parade and looking as though he had been born to the saddle, bellying up to an Elks club bar and buying drinks for the house, hosing the vegetation (which consists in considerable part of cactus) on his Phoenix spread. Then, after a brief trip to Washington, it was on to San Francisco in that same relaxed mood.

Arriving at International Airport, Barry threw off the cloak of professional pessimism about his prospects. "The chances are excellent," he cried, "that we will win on the first ballot!" His audience shouted its approval as Barry continued: "But first ballot or not—win we will!"

Just in case there was any remaining doubt about Goldwater's nomination, it was dispelled a scant five hours after his arrival when word came that Ohio's Governor James Rhodes had given up his favorite-son candidacy, thereby freeing about two-thirds of his state's 58-member delegation to vote for Goldwater on the first ballot.

That Interview. By then, about the only cloud—and it was little more than a speck—left on Goldwater's horizon

was the publication of a June 30 interview with a reporter from *Der Spiegel*, a West German weekly newsmagazine. In that interview, Goldwater was asked if he thought that he could defeat Lyndon Johnson. He replied: "If you asked that question as of now—and I always like to answer political questions as of now—no. I don't think any Republican can, as of now . . . I don't think I'd be rash enough to say that I could beat Johnson in the South as of now. But come Election Day, there's going to be another horse race, I believe."

Defending his vote against the civil rights bill, Barry stuck by his guns, insisting: "If they could have locked the doors to the Senate and turned the lights off, you wouldn't have gotten 25 votes." And on the question of what he would do about Southeast Asia, Goldwater said: "I would make it abundantly clear—and I think President Johnson is tending in that direction—that we aren't going to pull out of Southeast Asia, but that we are going to win, in fact. Now the next decision becomes based on military decisions. I don't think that's up to a presidential candidate, or even the President. I would turn to my Joint Chiefs of Staff and say, 'Fellows, we made the decision to win, now it's your problem.'"

As Goldwater himself later pointed out, there was nothing in his *Spiegel* interview that he had not said before. But as he did not point out, such statements had landed him in political hot water before, and the timing of his latest remarks seemed singularly unpromising. At any rate, Bill Scranton and other anti-Goldwater Republican leaders grasped at the interview as though at a life belt tossed into a raging sea. "Barry Goldwater has now decided to defoliate the Republican Party," cried Scranton. "How could the delegates nominate someone who says he can't win?" Of Goldwater's civil rights views and his Senate vote against the civil rights bill, Scranton said: "We must ask ourselves what events the Senator is looking forward to before November to improve his chances in the South. Tragically, there can be but one explanation. He or those close to him hope to gain by racial unrest in this nation." As for Goldwater's proposed Southeast Asia policy, Scranton snapped: "This is another example of his failure to comprehend that being President of the United States is not the same as being a benevolent chairman of the board—letting others decide when nuclear destruction should be unleashed."

The Needles. Even though Goldwater may again have been indiscreet in his *Spiegel* statements, Scranton's assault did not add up to the Pennsylvanian's finest hour, and Barry largely negated its effect during his appearance before the Platform Committee next day.

After his strong, sometimes stirring plea for party unity, Goldwater stood

before the committee to answer questions—which came mostly in the form of needling from Scrantonites.

What was Goldwater's thinking as to whether control of the use of nuclear weapons should be in hands other than the President's? Patiently, Barry said that he had been misquoted, that U.S. law allows no one but the President to authorize the use of nuclear weapons, and "I can't change that law." Anyhow, he continued, he would favor giving only the Supreme Allied Commander, Europe—presently General Lyman Lemnitzer—a degree of authority about nuclear weapons. He carefully explained that he was not talking about long-range, strategic missiles, but rather about the low-yield, tactical weapons around which Western Europe's defense is now built—"ones small enough to be carried on the shoulder, small enough to be launched from aircraft. I'm fearful of the day if it ever comes—and I hope it doesn't—when Russia might attack our bases with these tactical nuclear weapons and we would have to reply with conventional weapons. I would hope that something could be worked out in the case of NATO, and NATO alone."

Barry's vote against the civil rights bill—and his argument that some of its provisions were unconstitutional—also came under attack. Would he, as President, work to have the law repealed? "No. That's not in my opinion the duty of a President," said Goldwater. "I think the legislative branch has now spoken for the majority of the party—the majority of the American people—and while I didn't agree and I represented the minority, I stand with the majority, and just as Harry Truman did when he vetoed the Taft-Hartley Act; he later used it six times even though he didn't like it."

The only Negro member of the Platform Committee, George A. Parker from the District of Columbia, was not satisfied. He doubted that Goldwater could "consistently, conscientiously and in good faith use the powers and prestige" of the presidency to carry out the civil rights law. Goldwater

flushed, but held his temper. "When you use that argument," he said, "you are questioning my honesty, and I should resent it but I won't." Parker insisted that he was doing no such thing. Said Goldwater: "Well, you are, sir. I will uphold that law because it is the voice of the majority. And if I'm your President, I will do something about this in more ways than the law."

Thus, during his Platform Committee appearance, and indeed throughout his entire performance in San Francisco last week, Goldwater was the old Barry, the one who behaves best when he is relaxed and confident. No one can say how he would act if he were to lose the Republican nomination. But he was surely showing himself to be a good winner.

The Last Calls

By the time he got to San Francisco, Bill Scranton's machine was in full gear. In 48 rooms on three floors of the Mark Hopkins Hotel, scores of eager workers performed their appointed tasks—from drafting speeches to ordering cookie and fruit between-meals snacks for the candidate. A complex communications network had been installed—including a 15-circuit phone switchboard, and a special "hot line" system linking hotel headquarters to the Cow Palace convention floor and to two communications trailers parked outside. Code words were used in telephone conversations to confuse possible eavesdroppers, and the whole headquarters area had been combed for electronic bugs that Goldwater gumshoes might have concealed.

Guards stood outside the locked door of Room 1202—"The Delegate Control Center"—where trusted Scranton aides worked diligently by phone to shake out new delegate strength. At their disposal were three separate and expertly cross-referenced filing systems, including boxes of index cards, fat black notebooks and large manila envelopes, all packed with vital information on each of 1,308 delegates, 1,308 alternates, and dozens of key politicians. Inherited from Nelson Rockefeller, the

files contained names, ages, financial background, marital status, business contacts, clubs, fraternities, presidential preference, and the names of friends or associates who might put pro-Scranton pressure on the delegates. So precious were these files that Scranton's men had divided them into six sections for the trip from Harrisburg to San Francisco, packed a guard along with each segment on a different train or plane so no single railroad wreck or air crash could destroy the whole package.

All told, Scranton's San Francisco appearance would cost some \$200,000. But all the money and effort somehow seemed wasted. In the brief four weeks of his campaign, Scranton had covered some 20,000 miles, visited 25 states—including a second trip last week to Illinois, where he boarded a five-car Illinois Central Railroad tour for an old-fashioned whistle-stop tour through cornfield country. But he made no notable impact, and in Springfield, Mayor Nelson Howarth sadly summed up the situation when he said to the Governor: "Why didn't you come here in April, when the prevailing wind was out of the East, instead of July when a hot wind is blowing from the Southwest?"

And so, despite all his elaborate machinery, at week's end Bill Scranton was reduced to performing the most disheartening chore that can come to any candidate: making personal phone calls to delegates and pleading for help that he must have known would not be forthcoming.

Shuffling the Planks

Most of the Platform Committee hoopla came over the appearances of the presidential candidates and their top supporters. But during its pre-convention week the committee, chaired by Wisconsin's Representative Melvin Laird, also took testimony from spokesmen for some 170 organizations, ranging from Americans for Democratic Action to the Izaak Walton League and the American Committee for the Independence of Armenia.

There was, for example, a full after-



SCRANTON BOARDS CABLE CAR, SCRAMBLES TO THE TOP, SPEAKS TO SUPPORTERS
Up the hill and down the hill, a long, hard way.

noon devoted to hearing the representatives of civil rights organizations. The N.A.A.C.P.'s Roy Wilkins, a Democrat, praised Republicans in Congress for their part in passage of the Civil Rights Act, but, in a plain dig at Goldwater, deplored the doubts about the measure's constitutionality as expressed "by aspirants to public office."

"**A Cruel Jest.**" Martin Luther King Jr. pleaded for a "G.I. Bill" for Negroes, explaining: "Negroes must not only have the right to go into any establishment open to the public, but they must also be absorbed into our economic system so they can afford to exercise that right. Giving a pair of shoes to a man who has not learned to walk is a cruel jest." King also urged that the Federal Government take stronger steps toward stopping civil rights violence in the South before it happens. Said he: "If our Government is capable of gathering intelligence information in a matter of hours from all parts of the world and has been able to maintain a constant surveillance of the U.S. Communist Party, is it not also capable of maintaining a surveillance of terroristic groups and persons subverting the Constitution of the United States by arson, bombings and murder of civil rights workers?"

A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany sharply attacked U.S. trade with Communist countries. "A generation ago we were bitterly opposed to doing business as usual with Hitler," he said. "Half a generation ago we were bitterly opposed to doing business as usual with Stalin. Today we are equally opposed to doing business as usual with Stalin's de-Stalinized successors." W. P. Gullander, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, urged another tax cut. Said he: "A further tax reduction during the 1960s is not only feasible, but it is also well within the bounds of responsible fiscal policy."

"**White-Sneaked Amateurs.**" But even as the torrent of testimony continued to flow in public, the real shaping and shuffling of the platform planks took place in the nighttime privacy of hotel rooms, where drafting subcommittees worked till dawn. Frustrated



MILLER WITH DAUGHTERS ELIZABETH ANN, 20, MARY KAREN, 17, & WIFE STEPHANIE

A family is an asset in anybody's campaign.

by the Goldwater forces' kill-'em-with-kindness strategy, anti-Goldwater leaders fell to squabbling among themselves. Scranton-supporting committee members, led by Pennsylvania's Senator Hugh Scott, wrote 31 different drafts of proposed civil rights plank before they could agree on one.

After one such session in a ninth-floor suite of the St. Francis Hotel, Massachusetts' fiery Congressman Silvio Conte fumed at the ineffectiveness of his fellow Scrantonites. They were, he cried, a bunch of "white-sneaked amateurs," and he added: "I'm ready to pack up and go home."

With the Scranton platform advisers so disorganized, the Platform Committee heavily pro-Goldwater and a majority of the key Drafting Committee also for Barry, the final product obviously would be a platform upon which Goldwater could run. So, for that matter, could most any other Republican.

The Working List

Veep guessing is perhaps the least profitable of political pastimes. But the guessers keep guessing and, more importantly, prospective presidential nominees encourage the game for all it's worth.

John F. Kennedy, during his 1960

pre-convention campaign, turned Veep playing from an inexact art into a high science; he had everyone from Herschel Loveless (Iowa) to George Docking (Kansas) to Edmund ("Pat") Brown (California) to Henry M. ("Scoop") Jackson (Washington) thinking they might be his running mate. And in so promoting the possibilities, he won a fair number of delegate votes from their states.

Last week it appeared that Barry Goldwater might have taken a page or two from Kennedy's book. At any rate, his San Francisco forces were passing around a "working list" of five top vice-presidential prospects—even while insisting that it was highly tentative and that the candidate himself had not yet made up his mind and was "committed to nobody."

The list:
► Pennsylvania's Scranton, whose presence on the ticket would promote G.O.P. unity and help Barry in the industrial Northeast. Scranton has repeatedly said he does not want the vice-presidential nomination, and last week Goldwater said: "I don't think either of us would be comfortable running with the other." Still, there are strong arguments that a Goldwater-Scranton ticket would make the best of political sense, and the possibility should not be ruled out.^{*}

► G.O.P. National Committee Chairman William Miller, a New York Congressman who could also give the ticket a Northeastern tinge, a Catholic, an orator with a gift for tough-talking gab,



FORD



JUDD



MORTON

Nominees encourage the game.

* In 1960, Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson scorned the suggestion that he might accept the Democratic vice-presidential nomination, saying it would be "trading a vote for a gavel." Before the reconciliation, he liked to refer to Kennedy as "young Jack," said Kennedy had rolled up primary victories because "Jack was out kissing babies while I was passing bills." In the heat of battle, Johnson wasn't above rattling the long-closed skeleton of Old Joe Kennedy's days as U.S. Ambassador to England: "I wasn't any Chamberlain umbrella policy man. I never thought Hitler was right."

a clean-cut looking 50-year-old with a handsome wife and four attractive children who would be an asset in anybody's campaign. But he is a relatively unknown politician who is not even standing for re-election this year from his upstate New York congressional district.

► Michigan's Representative Gerald Ford, ranking Republican on the House Defense Appropriations Subcommittee, whose views favoring an ever stronger U.S. defense posture generally coincide with Barry's, a husky 51-year-old who would campaign aggressively. He is little known nationally, although (who knows?) some voters might mistake him for kith or kin to the Ford family of Michigan.

► Kentucky's Senator Thruston Morton, an old State Department hand under Ike, who has served in both branches of Congress, a former National Committee chairman, a national figure who will be even better known after his TV appearances this week as the permanent chairman of the convention.

► Minnesota's Walter Judd, a former Congressman and the 1960 convention's keynote speaker, as eloquent and able an anti-Communist foreign policy spokesman as the G.O.P. has to offer, but a loser in his 1962 campaign for reelection in his own Minneapolis district.

The Head Honchos

Most of Barry Goldwater's top political aides are hardy types who can cuss in Navajo or quaff bourbon with the best of them. Among these, Denison Kitchel, 56, a wispy, introverted, hard-of-hearing mining-industry lawyer seems as out of place as a Boy Scout on a bronco. Yet Kitchel served as Goldwater's pre-convention campaign manager and will undoubtedly continue to be, in Barry's own words, "my head honcho."

Sense & Judgment. The son of a prosperous lawyer, Kitchel was born in Bronxville, a New York City suburb, was educated at St. Paul's, Yale and Harvard Law School, set up practice in Arizona in 1934. At first, the young lawyer had "every intention" of returning to Manhattan. "But every time I did," he recalls, "I rode the subway for five minutes and was confirmed in my decision to stay in Arizona." In Phoenix he met Goldwater, then general manager of the family department store, and by the time Barry was elected to the Senate in 1952 the two were fast friends.

"For a long time," says Kitchel, "I'd been interested in what he stood for—stopping the centralization of federal power and firming up our foreign policy. When he got to the Senate, we began working together quite a bit. I'd try to give him advice on legislative problems he was facing." In May 1963 Kitchel left his lucrative Phoenix law practice to join the Goldwater staff, later set up in a small Washington office as Barry's manager. Many of Candi-



WALTER BENNETT

ADVISER KITCHEL
The friend who counsels.

date Goldwater's backers were aghast at the appointment of a political amateur whose sole experience had been as counsel to the Arizona state Republican committee. Says Kitchel of such criticism: "I'm inclined to think that the term 'professional' in politics has been a little misunderstood, or misused. As I see it, this is mostly a matter of common sense and judgment."

Ready to Resign. In his exercise of common sense and judgment, Kitchel's sensitivities are sometimes staggered by the folkways of American politics. During Barry's New Hampshire primary campaign, Kitchel watched disgustedly as an eager mother pushed her baby into the candidate's arms. He murmured: "If he kisses that baby, I resign." (Barry didn't kiss and Kitchel didn't resign.) He has also developed a simple expedient for avoiding political arguments that offend him; he simply turns down his hearing aid.

When Goldwater's campaign seemed to be going badly, Kitchel received much of the blame. He readily admits that he is not much of a political administrator, that much of Goldwater's grass-roots organization sprang up and operated with little help or coordination from his office. But it was Kitchel who made the decisive campaign de-

cision that Goldwater should stop sloshing around like a candidate for alderman, devote his major energies and funds to major appearances, thereby lessen the opportunity for the off-the-cuff remarks that were landing Barry in trouble.

Kitchel is also one of the few men who exercise sufficient intellectual sway over Goldwater to shape his opinions or persuade him to change his mind. It was Kitchel who convinced Goldwater of the crucial value of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (now one of Barry's main pitches) and who argued Goldwater into reversing his stand against the use of federal troops to enforce the Supreme Court's 1954 school-desegregation decision. In his own quiet way, Kitchel downgrades his importance in the Goldwater line-up. "My position," he says, "has been that of a friend who counsels." This week's convention results should show that he has counseled well.

Among the other leading Goldwater lieutenants:

► Richard G. Kleindienst, 40, director of campaign field operations. As extroverted as Kitchel is introverted, Kleindienst rose through the G.O.P. ranks in Arizona to become state party chairman and, as one friend puts it, "a full-fledged political animal." As Goldwater's advance man, Kleindienst has displayed a tendency to whirl off handshaking and backslapping in all directions. When he first barnstormed into Chicago, complains one Goldwater man, he rushed about making deals only to find he had missed the real party leaders, later had to do some fancy backpedaling. Kleindienst also finds time to promote his own political fortunes, has announced as a candidate for Governor of Arizona in November, hoping to succeed Paul Fannin, who plans to run for Goldwater's Senate seat should Barry win the nomination. At a state G.O.P. rally in Arizona recently, the band of Kleindienst's straw hat carried a slogan for his own campaign, not Barry's.

► F. Clifton White, 45, co-director of field operations, who has shared with Kleindienst the job of beating the bush

STEPHEN FRISCH



WHITE



KLEINDIENST

Some can cuss in Navajo.



BURCH



L.B.J. BOATING



THE HIDEAWAY HAYWOOD RANCH

If nothing else, time to go on a diet.

for delegates. A New Yorker who enlisted in the Air Force as a private and emerged in 1945 as a captain with the Distinguished Flying Cross, White is the tenacious kind of fighter who draws the natural respect of Barry Goldwater. Co-founder of a Manhattan firm called Public Affairs Counselors, Inc., which offers corporation employees advice about how to make their muscle felt in the political world, White was also a founder of the "Draft Goldwater" movement. Since then he has put his special talents for cajolery—and political arm twisting—to work at G.O.P. state conventions. Persistent rumors have it that White's reward if Goldwater is nominated will be the chairmanship of the G.O.P. National Committee, succeeding fellow New Yorker William Miller.

► Dean Burch, 36, deputy campaign director. A Goldwater booster since undergraduate days at the University of Arizona, Burch joined the Senator's Washington staff in 1955, became a close personal friend, and even got his flying license after lessons from Old Pilot Goldwater. The youngest of Goldwater's top aides, Burch plunged into the thankless job of scheduling campaign appearances, aided Kitchel in a notable job of offending the fewest possible Republicans despite the candidate's disturbing penchant for last-minute cancellations.

THE PRESIDENCY

Just Storing Up Energy?

Lyndon Johnson a retiring sort? Lyndon Johnson dodging publicity? Perish the thought. But there he was—ducking reporters, scurrying to secret hideaways and acting for all the world like some latter-day Greta Garbo.

Off to Texas for a long July 4 weekend, the President all but said, "I want to be alone." The L.B.J. ranch was declared off limits to reporters, who played pinocchio and poker in Austin, 65 miles away. Persistent prodding of Presidential Press Secretary George

Reedy got them nowhere. At one point, Reedy snapped: "As to what he did today, I do not go into matters of social or personal activities. The President regards going to church or various types of ranch activities, or boating—which I know is going to be raised somewhere along the line—as a purely personal affair."

Cruise in the Sun. At that, Lyndon spent little time at the L.B.J. ranch, slipping off to a smaller, more secluded spread called Haywood Ranch, which he owns along with A. W. Moursund, a Johnson City lawyer and a trustee of the L.B.J. business interests. Built on a knoll between the Llano River and a 1,620-ft. hill called Pack saddle Mountain, some 25 miles from the L.B.J. ranch, Haywood is a working spread. The one-story white house is neatly fenced to keep out grazing cattle.

But these days some changes have been made. A new boathouse rises from the Llano River's edge just as it begins broadening to become Granite Shoals Lake. There, a recently acquired 28-ft. cabin cruiser and a snappy black runabout are moored. With a handful of family, close friends and White House staff, the President cruised the choppy water sunning himself. At least once, the President took the controls of the runabout to give Lynda Bird some water-skiing practice. After several spills, Lynda gave up.

Back in Washington, it was much the same story as the President spent another curiously quiet week with no more than a handful of ceremonial greetings for White House visitors and a routine ceremony to sign the \$375 million mass-transit bill into law.

Perfect but Paunchy. This was far from the whirlwind Lyndon that Washington had come to know so well. And the rumor swiftly spread through the capital and its environs that Johnson, who suffered a massive heart attack in 1955, was ailing again. His aides vehemently denied such stories, insisted that the President is in perfect health. Still, the merest glance at photographs

of him in swim trunks while boating in Texas would indicate that, if nothing else, he ought to go on a diet.

At week's end, perhaps now fearing that he had overcompensated and cut back too far, the President called his first press conference since June 23. He opened with glowing projections for the economy, then ranged from a potential running mate (he will make public no choice until the August convention) to civil rights (50 new FBI agents will be assigned permanently to a new office in Mississippi). The conference lasted a dreary 30 minutes. It all hardly added up to the old Lyndon Johnson, but maybe he is just storing up energy for the campaign to come.

DEFENSE

Down to the Dog Tags

When John F. Kennedy appointed his Defense Secretary in 1960, he posed him a paradox: 1) meet U.S. military requirements without worrying about arbitrary budget ceilings, and 2) do it at the lowest possible cost. Since then, in Robert McNamara's 3½ years on the job, military spending has soared by nearly \$10 billion, now hovers around the \$50 billion mark.

But McNamara still sees no contradiction between greater expenditures and more economy. Thus, it was with great pride that he last week announced the results of the cost-reduction program that he has pushed relentlessly. In fiscal 1964, which just ended, the Pentagon had saved \$2.5 billion. "We haven't even begun to scratch the surface," McNamara claimed, estimated savings of \$4.6 billion by fiscal 1968.

Homely Principles. Lest anyone think such penny pinching had jeopardized the nation's military strength, McNamara ticked off some impressive signs of his stewardship:

- Nuclear warheads in the strategic alert forces—up 150%.
- Combat-ready Army divisions—up 45%.
- Airlift capability—up 75%.

- Ship construction and fleet modernization—up 100%.
- Special counterinsurgency forces—up 800%.

More than an exercise in thrifty housekeeping than economic wizardry, the cost reduction program has achieved results by literal application of such homely principles as buying only what is needed, buying it at the lowest price and reducing operating costs. Closer analysis of matériel requirements enabled the Defense Department to cut purchases and inventory levels by a whopping \$1.4 billion. To drive harder bargains, McNamara has insisted on more competitive contract awards and fewer cost-plus agreements. Operating costs were cut \$292 million by closing unnecessary installations and standardizing supply management through the new Defense Supply Agency.

32¢ v. \$95. Most encouraging note in the report was that the services themselves, under McNamara's prodigal, have actually become enthusiastic about saving money. The Navy, planning to buy 1,400 Sparrow air-to-air missiles, found it already had enough, scrapped the order at a saving of \$45 million. The Marine Corps found it could adapt Army 120-mm. shells for use in its M-103 tanks at a cost of 32¢ per shell instead of paying \$95 each for new ones. The Army decided it could get along with \$1,200,000 less worth of insect repellent than it had ordered. The Air Force learned that it could safely stretch storage life of the solid propellant for its Minuteman missiles from three to four years, saving \$25 million. Not even the old memento of service days, the dog tag, was safe. By ordering tags of corrosion-resistant steel instead of an alloy, McNamara shaved 1.6¢ from each one for a total saving of \$97,000 on the year's supply.

Apparently, everyone from the Pentagon to the remote barracks was getting cost-conscious. Glowed McNamara: "We are literally being flooded with thousands of suggestions from individual military and civilian personnel."

CIVIL RIGHTS

And the Walls Came Tumbling Down

Throughout the South, from Charleston to Dallas, from Memphis to Tallahassee, segregation walls that had stood for several generations began to tumble in the first full week under the new civil rights law.

In Birmingham, Negro Chauffeur J. L. Meadows, 70, strolled into the Dinkler-Tutwiler Hotel's Town and Country Restaurant, sat down amid a roomful of staring white diners, ordered, and was served without incident. Said he later: "I've been driving white folks down here for 21 years, and now I'm going to eat where I've been taking these white folks." At least nine other Birmingham restaurants and four movie houses also accepted Negroes for the first time. In Montgomery, Ala., the state capital, most restaurants and lunch counters, along with two theaters, were peacefully desegregated.

Even in Mississippi. Similarly, Negroes were admitted to previously all-white hotels and eating places in Savannah, Thomasville and Warner Robins, Ga. In Texas, Dallas' Piccadilly Cafeteria, a motel and lunch counter in Longview, restaurants in Palestine, and Austin, and a Beaumont drive-in were integrated. Thirty-three Memphis restaurants, including one of the city's largest downtown cafeterias, opened their doors to Negroes. Kemmons Wilson, chairman of the Memphis-based Holiday Inn motel chain, noting that he had instructed his motels to obey the new law, said: "The alternative is eventually anarchy, chaos and destruction." And in Charleston, Columbia, Florence and Greenville, S.C., integration proceeded without major trouble. In Greenville, a young Negro was sipping tea in the Jack Tar Poinsett Hotel dining room when South Carolina's Democratic Senator Strom Thurmond, one of the rights bill's bitterest foes, walked in. Apparently unaware of the Negro's presence, Thurmond sat down

in another part of the room and quietly ate breakfast.

Even in Mississippi, land of violence, there was quiet compliance. Negroes played golf on Jackson's municipal course, ate at a Vicksburg whites-only lunch counter, and, drawing scarcely a disapproving glance, checked into and ate at Jackson's two leading hotels and a motel. It Jackson, the way had been paved by a Chamber of Commerce policy statement urging local businessmen to "comply with the law, pending tests of its constitutionality in court."

The Holdouts. Choosing not to comply was Stewart Gammill Jr., proprietor of the city's third largest hotel, the Robert E. Lee, who ordered the hotel's Confederate flag struck and put up a sign: CLOSED IN DESPAIR, CIVIL RIGHTS BILL UNCONSTITUTIONAL. Two days later, Gammill announced that henceforth the Robert E. Lee was a private club open to members only. A Richmond, Va., steakhouse also turned private, and restaurants in Charlottesville, Va., and Durham, N.C., and a Williamston, N.C., theater closed their doors for good rather than comply.

Inevitably, there were some trouble spots, such as Laurel, Miss., and Americus and Albany, Ga. In Baton Rouge, La., a white state employee punched a Negro minister in the jaw as he and two Negro women left the state capitol cafeteria after eating. Fifteen Negroes were arrested in Slidell, La., when they sought service at a restaurant. At a variety-store lunch counter in Bessemer, Ala., a steel town near Birmingham, six Negro youths were beaten by whites wielding 24-in. baseball bats. Near Texarkana, Texas, a white man and three Negroes were wounded when another white man opened fire with a shotgun during a Negro wade-in at Lake Texarkana.

In Atlanta, perhaps the most moderate of the South's big cities, some of the worst flare-ups took place. One occurred when three Negro ministerial students sought to test a fried-chicken joint owned by Lester Maddox, an un-

WAYNE WILSON, LEVISON ATLANTA



NEWLY INTEGRATED ATLANTA RESTAURANT

If she'd bet, one civil rights worker would have lost every penny.



HATTIESBURG, MISS., LUNCH COUNTER

successful Georgia office seeker and a loud racist. Maddox was waiting for them in the parking lot of his place, waving a snub-nosed pistol. "You ain't never gonna eat here!" he shouted, shoving against the car door as the Negroes started to get out. When the students persisted, Maddox and another white man grabbed at handles from a stockpile Maddox had laid in for just such an occasion. "Git, git," Maddox ordered. The Negroes did, with a crowd of angry Maddox patrons at their heels. Among them was a small boy dragging a 3-ft. ax handle and squealing: "I'm gonna kill me a nigger!"

Next day, at a Fourth of July segregationist rally at Atlanta's fairgrounds, three Negro youths were beaten with metal chairs in a melee that began when the Negroes and a white girl civil rights worker entered the grandstand. Forty whites chased the Negroes into a fenced corner, pommelled them until cops broke it up.

The Ugliness. In Tuscaloosa, Ala., one of the most bizarre incidents took place—indicating, if nothing else, how civil rights tensions may lead to ugly misunderstandings. Actor Jack Palance, his wife Virginia, and their three children, in Tuscaloosa to visit relatives, had a narrow escape from a mob when they went to a movie. Earlier in the day, Palance had signed autographs for both whites and blacks. When he and his family entered the newly desegregated Druid Theater, a rumor spread that a Negro woman had accompanied them. As it turned out, there were no Negroes in the theater at the time, but a crowd of nearly 1,000 whites gathered, pelted the cashier's cage and the marquee with rocks and bottles, shattered the windows and slashed the tires on Palance's rented car. Local cops took the Palances to the police station for protection.

Finally, in a mysterious incident on a north Georgia highway, Lemuel A.

Penn, 49, director of vocational high schools in Washington, D.C., was killed when two shotgun blasts, fired from a passing car, ripped into the car he was driving while returning to Washington from Army Reserve duty at Fort Benning, Ga.

Despite such incidents, the South's initial compliance with the new civil rights law was by any standard encouraging. Perhaps Mrs. Constance Baker Motley, a Negro lawyer for the N.A.C.P. who has spent 18 years fighting for Negro rights, summed it up best. Said she: "Voluntary compliance has been unexpectedly good. I would have lost every penny I've got if I had made a bet."

How Silly Can You Get?

Among other things, the civil rights bill created some new Government jobs—among them the directorship of the Federal Community Relations Service, which will offer Southern communities help in ironing out their integration problems.

Who should the director be? Ideally, he ought to be someone acceptable to the South with a good record on integration. Such men are hard to find, and President Johnson was perplexed. Then Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges, an ex-Governor of North Carolina, suggested LeRoy Collins, 55, an ex-Governor of Florida. During six years in office (1955-60) in Tallahassee, his native city, Collins had talked a fair-to-midlin' civil rights game while doing little to implement it.

Some Soothers. Lyndon liked Luther's idea, and so did LeRoy—up to a point. Trouble was, the director of the Community Relations Service will receive only \$22,500 a year, while Collins, as president of the National Association of Broadcasters since 1961, has been getting \$75,000 in annual salary plus a \$12,500-a-year living allowance. Loath to give up such a job, Collins suggested



DIRECTOR-DESIGNATE COLLINS
Some friendly financing helped.

that he merely take a year's leave of absence from the N.A.B., with some compensatory financial arrangement. As it happens, Collins has not been a particularly popular N.A.B. president (a recent motion to oust him lost only by a 25-18 vote of the association's board of directors), and the organization turned him down cold on his proposition.

Now re-enter Lyndon Johnson. He summoned the N.A.B. board members to the White House for a little chat, convinced them that they should make it easy for Collins to go. They did, with 1) \$60,000 in severance pay, 2) retention of the 1964 Cadillac, which was one of his perquisites of the N.A.B. office, 3) a color TV set, 4) a radio, and 5) a set of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

That did it, as far as Collins was concerned, and President Johnson, in his television speech immediately preceding his signing of the civil rights bill, was able to announce that he was appointing the Floridian to the new commission's directorship.

But both Johnson and Collins had reckoned without South Carolina's Strom Thurmond, the Dixiecrat candidate for President in 1948 and now the longest-winded, strongest-muscled of all the U.S. Senate's Democratic segregationists. In Collins' confirmation hearings before the Senate Commerce Committee, Thurmond needled his fellow Southern Democrat mercilessly, intimated that he was a traitor to his own section of the country. Collins flushed and retorted: "Senator Thurmond," he said, "I love the South, and I am sure you must have sensed that. Don't you challenge my deep feelings about the South?"

That was by no means the end of it, and two days later, Thurmond's hostility toward Collins brought on one of the silliest episodes in the Senate's history.

Suddenly Serious. As Senators headed toward the committee room for a vote on Collins' confirmation, Thurmond posted himself outside. Up came Texas



GLADIATORS THURMOND & YARBOROUGH (AFTER THE BATTLE)
Just a friendly rasslin' match.

Democrat Ralph Yarborough, who favored Collins' confirmation. He gently pushed Thurmond toward the door, saying, "Come on in, Strom." Thurmond hauled Yarborough back, not roughly, but not playfully either. "I'll make an agreement with you, Ralph," he said. "If I can keep you out, you won't go in; and if you can drag me in, I'll stay."

All of a sudden it became a deadly serious matter, and the two Senators, both 61, peeled off their coats, handed them to aides, and huffed and puffed their way into what turned out to be a ten-minute rasslin' match.

Thurmond had all the best of it: a trim, 170-pounder, he is the Senate's No. 1 physical fitness bug, does not smoke or drink (not even carbonated beverages), just that morning had done 59 push-ups on his office carpet. Yarborough is a fairly flabby 200-pounder.

Grunt, groan, wheeze—and down went Yarborough, with Thurmond atop him. "Tell me to release you, Ralph, and I will," said Thurmond. Yarborough looked bravely up from his position on the terrazzo floor and averred: "I'm waiting for my second wind."

Ohio's Democratic Senator Frank Lausche came rushing up, warned both rasslers that they were running the risk of heart attacks. Said Thurmond: "I'll release him if he wants to be released." Yarborough allowed as how he was still waiting for that second wind.

Finally, Washington's Democratic Senator Warren Magnuson, the Commerce Committee chairman, heard of what was happening and hurried out of the committee room. Cried he: "Let's break this up." At that point Thurmond, apparently tired of sitting on Yarborough, said with characteristic gallantry: "I will have to yield to the order of my chairman."

Thereupon he arose, and all the Senators went into the committee room to vote, 16 to 1, for confirming Collins. The lone dissenter was—guess who?

HISTORICAL NOTES

Letters from "Constant"

It was 1920. Woodrow Wilson was on his way out, and the Republicans seemed certain to take over the White House. Their triumph would be achieved through the candidacy of Senator Warren Gamaliel Harding, the handsome Babbitt from Marion, Ohio. Republicans all over the nation were rooting for him, and in his own home town on the day that Harding, 54, opened his campaign, every storefront in the community was ablaze with bunting.

Every storefront but one, that is. It was the Uhler-Phillips department store, and, as William Allen White wrote years later, "when the reporters asked about it, they heard one of those stories about a primrose detour from Main Street." According to the gossip, Nominée Harding, long since married to a domineering, unattractive woman, had

been treading the primrose path with Mrs. Carrie Phillips, wife of one of the owners of the store. She was a tall, willowy redhead, the best-looking woman in town, and about a dozen years Harding's junior—but the less said about it the better.

And so nothing was said. Harding, of course, was elected, and presided for three years over the most scandal-scarred Administration in U.S. history. After his death in 1923, another woman, Nan Britton, wrote a book describing a long love affair with Harding, one that began in 1917. She had borne his daughter, Nan claimed, and had continued her clandestine affair with Harding through the years of his presidency.

"Darling Sweetheart Adorable," Carrie Phillips was forgotten—until last week, when Historical Writer Francis Russell announced that he had seen and read more than 250 love letters

At Christmastime 1914 he dashed off another poem:

*I love you more than all the world,
Possession wholly imploring
Mid passion I am oftentimes whirled
Oftimes admire—adoring.
Oh, God! If fate would only give
Us privilege to love and live!*

Slow Boat. The love affair was a stormy one, so it was no surprise that it began to fade in 1920. When Harding was summoned to the historic smoke-filled room at Chicago's Blackstone Hotel during the 1920 G.O.P. presidential convention, he was asked pointedly if he knew of any embarrassing family skeletons that might hurt the party's chances. Harding asked for time to think, ten minutes later announced that he was as clean as a hound's tooth.

Harding apparently tried to extricate himself from his love affair, and there is some evidence to show that Carrie



PRESIDENT HARDING & WIFE AT 1922 BASEBALL GAME
A primrose detour from Main Street.

that Harding had written to her between 1909 and 1920. Carrie kept the letters. After she died a recluse in 1960, the letters were found by Marion Attorney Don Williamson, who had been Carrie's guardian.

The letters, says Russell, who plans to detail them in an *American Heritage* magazine article, portray Harding as a devout lover and Mrs. Phillips as something of a moneygrubber. Many of the missives were written on Senate stationery, some on postcards bearing Harding's photograph. Some of them ran to 35 or 40 pages. Some of the letters he signed "Warren," some with his full name, and others with a code name, "Constant."

One letter, dated only "Easter Morning," bore the salutation, "Carrie Darling Sweetheart Adorable." Many more were strewn with homemade poetry. Inspired by a musical play, *The Wedding Trip*, which he saw in New York City in 1912, he penned an epic of 20 stanzas, including one memorable line, "I love you garb'd but naked, more!"

put a price tag on it. In one of his last letters, he wrote that he could not "secure you the larger competence you have so frequently mentioned. I can pay with life or reputation, but I can't command such a sum. To avoid disgrace, I will, if you demand it as the price, return to Marion to reside . . . If you think I can be more helpful by having a public position and influence, I will pay you \$5,000 per year in March each year, so long as I am in that public service."

As it turned out, the problem was resolved when, following Harding's nomination, a party official visited Mrs. Phillips, gave her a reported \$25,000-\$50,000 and suggested that she take a little vacation—say for six months. Soon afterwards, Carrie and her husband James took a slow boat to the Far East to look into conditions in the raw-silk market.

Carrie Phillips, however, was not always so cooperative. Time and time again, Warren Harding had admonished her: "Destroy these letters!"



THE WORLD

QUEEN ELIZABETH AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE DINNER WITH COMMONWEALTH LEADERS
Around the table and around the globe, they have yet to find global goals.

THE COMMONWEALTH

Who Needs Mother?

Leaders of 18 nations on five continents gathered last week in the red-walled, blue-carpeted conference room of London's Marlborough House. More than ever before, the faces around the oval table at this year's Commonwealth Prime Ministers' meeting reflected the divergent interests and cultures represented in the network of free nations that has evolved from the British Empire: only five were white, and the other 13 represented every shade of skin from ivory-yellow through burnt umber to the black-black of Africa's heartland.

There were those who wondered whether Britain could much longer dominate an association with such widely differing political and economic systems. London's respected *Economist* had a remedy: "It is high time that Britain and the Commonwealth shed the 'mother country' fixation and made their relationship one of real as well as constitutional equality."

Whatever the merits of this argument, the Commonwealth nations last week showed that they are still preoccupied less with global goals than with regional and racial issues close to home. All seven African leaders at the conference were insistent that Britain use force, if necessary, to ensure that Southern Rhodesia's white-supremacist government grants full constitutional equality to the African population before achieving its independence. But militant white Southern Rhodesians have many sympathizers in England. And in an election year, the government of Sir Alec Douglas-Home is deeply reluctant to make any move that might encourage the self-governing "colony" to seize independence this year as it has threatened to do. Nonetheless, the African statesmen who were to wind

up the speeches this week left no doubt that, in their eyes, Britain's resolution of Southern Rhodesia's impasse will be the crucial test of the Commonwealth's need and ability to survive.

THE CONGO

Premier No. 4

The new ministers filed awkwardly into the palatial reception room overlooking the rapids of the Congo River, then raised their right arms stiffly as they took the oath of office. Some of them got the phrase backward, but that didn't seem to matter. Premier Moïse Tshombe grinned, clapped his new government on the back, and capered with flailing fists in a mad jig down the bright green lawn as his admirers screamed their approval: "Down with Adoula and vive Tshombe." Thus the Congo's fourth Premier in as many years began his rule.

"Public Salvation." It had been a masterful performance so far. When Katanga's bulky ex-President returned to the Congo last month, it seemed incredible that he could hope to form a government. Cursed as a tool of Belgium's copper-producing Union Minière, accused by some of the murder of Patrice Lumumba, and driven out of the country by the force of United Nations arms, Tshombe appeared to have nothing in his favor.

But he still had Katanga, and without the political support of that ore-packed province the Congo is just another bleak, hopeless stretch of African bush. It was clear that Cyrille Adoula's government could not repress the Communist-backed revolts flaming in three provinces when Tshombe finally returned. Why not let him take a crack at forming a "government of national reconciliation"?

But the government he produced last week was hardly reconciled. Tshombe himself described it as one of mere "public salvation," and the few names recognizable within it were more notorious than noteworthy: as Agriculture Minister he chose Kasai's *Mulopwe* (god-emperor) Albert Kalonji, a secessionist right-winger who is still formally charged by Adoula's government with torturing political prisoners. The new Health Minister is none other than André Lubaya, a key official in the Communist-backed National Liberation Committee, which runs the Congo's endemic provincial rebellions. Recognizing the dangers of giving more portfolios to potential enemies, Tshombe took the ministries of Foreign Trade, Planning, Information and Foreign Affairs for himself, named his old Katanga henchman Godefroid Munongo to head the Interior and Civil Service ministries.

Woman Trouble. The remaining seven Cabinet posts—with the exception of Defense, which President Joseph Kasavubu wisely retained—were turned over to nonentities. In fact, when Tshombe introduced his Cabinet to the public, he stared blankly for agonizing moments at Youth and Sports Minister Joseph Ndanu, unable to recall his name.

* Left to right: Trinidad-Tobago's Eric Williams, Cyprus' Spyros Kyprianou, Malawi's Dr. H. Kamuzu Banda, Sierra Leone's Albert Margai, Nigeria's Sir Abubakar Tafawa-Balewa, Malaysia's Tunku Abdul Rahman, Kenya's Jomo Kenyatta, Canada's Lester Pearson, Uganda's Dr. Milton Obote, Tanganyika-Zanzibar's Julius Nyerere, Jamaica's Donald Sangster, Australia's Sir Robert Menzies, Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah, India's T. T. Krishnamachari (representing ailing Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri), Ceylon's Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike, Britain's Sir Alec Douglas-Home, New Zealand's Keith Holyoake, Pakistan's Ayub Khan.

Tshombe's eagerly awaited announcement of a government had been delayed by a full 24 hours when Adoula tried to force a woman into his Cabinet. She was Catherine Tshibamba, attractive young wife of the Congo's first doctor. Though women do not have the vote in the Congo under the new constitution, they may well get it before the next elections nine months from now. Adoula wanted to win a few votes, embarrass Tshombe, and prove that Catherine was at least as qualified to sit in the Cabinet as God-Emperor Kalonji. Only a nighttime call from Tshombe himself convinced Premier Adoula to drop Catherine.

At his first Cabinet meeting, Tshombe served champagne and Simba beer, then took three steps toward appeasing the N.L.C. and other dissident left-wingers. He ordered all political prisoners—including Leftist Antoine Gizinga—released immediately; he lifted the highly unpopular 5 p.m. curfew in Leopoldville; he abolished the post of Resident Minister in Stanleyville, thus ending the state of emergency in that Lumumbist stronghold. All of this was intended to change Tshombe's image from that of a white-hearted "sellout" to a true black African leader. But just in case it didn't work, the Congo's new Premier took out a little insurance. Tshombe ordered his 2,000 tough Katangese gendarmes and their white mercenary officers back from their sanctuary in Angola. For a while at least, they should tide him over the rough spots that certainly lie ahead.

BURMA

Asians v. Asians

In the 17 years since the end of the British Raj, the Indian subcontinent has repeatedly echoed to the thunder of populations on the move. More than 17 million Hindus and Moslems fled across the borders of India and Pakistan in the wake of partition and religious strife in 1947. Since last January, 900,000 more have poured over the frontiers to escape a new wave of religious persecution. Last week still another mass migration was underway as thousands of India's newest dispossessed flocked home from neighboring Burma.

Road to Socialism. There are more than 500,000 Indians in Burma, and a staggering 200,000 of them are expected to leave before the current flood ends. Next week the first of 60 shiploads of Indians will begin docking at the southern ports of Madras and Visakhapatnam. Half a dozen refugee flights from Rangoon are already arriving at Calcutta's Dum Dum airport each day, and the waiting rooms are piled high with the pitiful possessions of the uprooted—lumpy bundles of bedding, cheap suitcases, bright plastic pails stuffed with children's toys and kitchen utensils.

Behind the exodus is the fact that Strongman Premier Ne Win, driving

pell-mell along his "Burmese road to Socialism," has nationalized all small businesses, banks and warehouses, denied trading licenses to aliens, and prohibited non-Burmese from taking government jobs. Ne Win's edicts struck particularly hard at the Indians, who have become the nation's sharpest shopkeepers, but have been reluctant to take out Burmese citizenship.

As a result, many Indian merchants are now serving as \$1-a-day clerks in the shops they once owned, and find themselves constantly being reprimanded by Burmese overseers. Their former employees are even worse off. Some 100,000 poorer Indians, who had worked for Indian storekeepers before nationalization, not only found themselves out of jobs but also out on the street as well, for most of them had lived above the shops in which they worked.

Nothing of Value. Having made it clear that Indians were less than welcome, Ne Win next made it impossible for them to take anything of value when they left. Large-denomination banknotes were abruptly declared invalid, and even after that, adults were allowed to take only 75 rupees (\$15.75) out of the country with them. Though Indian women traditionally convert their cash into gold jewelry and even decorate their children with bangles and bracelets, the Burmese stripped departing Indians of all their jewelry. Many Hindu women were forced to give up the gold and black *mangalsutra* necklaces that they wear as a symbol of marriage.

A few departing refugees were able to slip some money out of Burma before Ne Win plugged all the loopholes.

But Indian officials are bitter, nonetheless, privately describe Ne Win's nationalization measures as a shabby trick to strip the Indian community of its property with no compensation at all. Nor is Burma's treatment of its Indian minority an isolated case. In Ceylon, where nearly 700,000 Indian plantation workers and tradesmen live as "stateless persons," the regime has launched a "Ceylonization of trade" campaign. And what that might very well mean is yet another mass exodus of Indians.

JAPAN

Narrow Shave

After a couple of two-year terms of competent but colorless rule, Japan's Prime Minister Hayato Ikeda, 64, was supposed by custom to make way for a successor. But when the ruling Liberal-Democratic Party met in Tokyo last week to choose a new president—and hence a new Prime Minister—Ikeda upset tradition by bidding for a third term."

Square-jawed and obstinate, Ikeda decided that a third term was precisely what he needed to carry out some "unfinished business," although he never said exactly what that business might be. Two formidable rivals challenged him: 1) Eisaku Sato, 63, Minister of State under Ikeda and the obvious heir apparent, who attacked Ikeda's policy of "patience and tolerance," promised a dynamic regime that

• Tough old Shigeru Yoshida, now 85, is the only man to have served three consecutive terms as Prime Minister in postwar Japan. That was largely because his premiership from 1948 to 1954 spanned the transition from Allied occupation to Japanese independence.

STATEWIDE



REFUGEES DISEMBARKING AT CALCUTTA AIRPORT
Across pitiless borders stream the endlessly dispossessed.

would fight for the return of the Kuril Islands from Russia and the Ryukyus (which include Okinawa) from the U.S.; and 2) Aitichiro Fujiyama, a silver-haired sugar baron who had served as former Prime Minister Nobusuke Kishi's Foreign Minister and as party coordinator under Ikeda.

But the two fell short of victory in the closest party leadership election in Japan's postwar history. Ikeda emerged with 242 votes for the party presidency to 160 for Sato, 72 for Fujiyama. In a pithy acceptance speech of 55 seconds, Ikeda pledged to seek "greater cooperation for the purpose of solidifying our great party."

THAILAND

The Marshal's Minor Wives & Major Ticket

On his deathbed in a Bangkok hospital, Thailand's Premier Sarit Thanarat held his comely wife in his arms and sang to her the old Thai ballad that begins: "The love of 100 mistresses could not be compared to the love one has for his own wife." Sarit may have been altogether too modest. After his death last December (of cirrhosis and other ailments of hard living), Bangkok papers carried the names of more than a hundred women who claimed publicly to have enjoyed his favors and hoped to get a piece of his estate. Among an inner circle of 51 mistresses, whom the old-school Thais delicately call "minor wives," Marshal Sarit had generously scattered villas, autos and other largesse, and fathered at least nine children. Many minor wives actually filed court claims for a share of Sarit's tickets, or baht, as Thais call their money.

Indeed, thanks to the energetic strongman's flair for financial wheeling-dealing, his fortune turned out to be even more spectacular than his dalliance balance. Contesting Widow Thanapong Vichitra's claim to the marshal's estate, Sarit's two sons by a previous wife estimated that their father was worth at least 2.8 billion tickets, or



PREMIER SARIT & VICHITRA

A dalliance balance of a hundred, plus baht by the billion.

\$143 million. That seemed a lot of baht for a career soldier. So, before allowing his estate to be distributed, Sarit's successor, Thanom Kittikachorn, appointed a five-man committee to see if any government funds had lodged in Sarit's pocket.

Last week the investigating committee published an interim report disclosing that it had unearthed 400 million tickets (\$20 million) in various bank accounts maintained by the late强人. Even that was peanuts compared with the total value of his nationwide commercial empire, which included a controlling interest—mostly in the names of Sarit's relatives—in at least 15 specially privileged companies. Among them: the only merchant bank allowed to import gold; the only sales agency for the government plywood monopoly; a brewery with a heady share of the government beer monopoly; two companies with concessions to print and sell tickets for the national lottery; a construction firm with major government contracts. Sarit also owned a commercial fishing boat, some 50 autos, 30 Bangkok villas and a 3,000-acre farm.

LE WINE

As to whether Sarit had actually dipped into the till, the committee said that to date it had traced \$17.8 million of government money to Sarit's estate. Committee Chairman Phra Manuvej Vimolmath said that part of a state fund of 12 million tickets (\$600,000) had gone exclusively to Sarit's minor wives. The money, he said, came from a special government account known as the Funds for Secret Work.

SOUTH VIET NAM

No Time Limit

Hundreds of nervous cops jammed Saigon's Tan Son Nhut airport as a U.S. Air Force jetliner swept in under fighter escort. As the plane swung sharply to a halt, out stepped the new U.S. ambassador, General Maxwell D. Taylor, fresh in shining sharkskin and a bright resolve. The Viet Cong had sworn to kill him, and indeed a terrorist carrying a homemade grenade in a loaf of bread had been captured just yards from the U.S. embassy the day before. But Max Taylor figured to stick around a while—at least until after the U.S. election. "I'm here to assure you of our unstinting support," he told the Vietnamese officials who greeted him. "There is no time limit in that commitment."

Dawn Rise. To South Viet Nam's leaders, this must have come as a pleasant surprise. Only eight months ago, General Taylor and Defense Secretary Robert McNamara had been talking of withdrawing all U.S. troops by 1965. This served only to inspire the Viet Cong, hardly helped morale in Saigon.

From the very start, Taylor set a no-nonsense pace. He huddled immediately with U.S. Forces Commander Lieut. General William Westmoreland. Wasted on the new arrival were the talents of former Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge's superb cook "Can," for Taylor eats quickly and sparingly, scheduled "working lunches" for weeks ahead. Accompanied by Deputy Ambassador U. Alexis Johnson, also newly



AMBASSADOR TAYLOR (WHITE SUIT) GREETED BY GENERAL WESTMORELAND
A tight schedule, and an eye for the 1,002nd solution.

arrived, Taylor embarked on a series of meetings, briefing and protocol sessions on his first day. He was up with the dawn next morning to pay a call on goaded Premier Nguyen Khanh.

Then he flew off to the seaside town of Da Nang to celebrate South Viet Nam's Air Force Day. Trim F-100s lined the runway as several score of Vietnamese pilots plus three U.S. aviators were decorated with the Medal of Gallantry with Gold Wings. At the nearby base hospital, Taylor passed out Purple Hearts to two wounded Americans and stopped to chat with a sergeant who had jumped with him over Normandy on D-day 20 years ago.

Phosphorus Barrage. From the 16,000 U.S. military men stationed in South Viet Nam, Taylor demanded an increased effort. "We're already aiding the Vietnamese in a thousand and one ways," he told them. "But let's not be satisfied when it might prove that the thousand and second way is the decisive one." Just how seriously that exhortation was taken was proved during one of three Viet Cong raids last week on U.S. Special Forces camps. When two Viet Cong battalions hit the camp near Nam Dong with a predawn barrage of white phosphorus mortar shells, U.S. Master Sergeant Gabriel Alamo and an Australian warrant officer fought their way to a weapons pit, fired parachute flares that illuminated the whole battle area—themselves included. They kept the flares burning even as the Viet Cong zeroed in on them. When the shooting stopped, Alamo, the Australian and 48 defenders were dead. But so were 107 Viet Cong raiders.

FRANCE

The Killer of Little Luc

Leaping from four police cars in a Versailles square last week, a wedge of cops hustled their handcuffed prisoner toward the doors of St. Pierre jail. Before they could make it, a screaming mob burst through police lines and pelted the prisoner with blows. "Give him to us!" they cried. "Kill the monster!" Their target was the confessed killer of little Jean-Luc Taron (TIME, June 19), and he seemed elated at the commotion. Turning to the *flics*, he yelled above the uproar: "They're right! I am a monster!"

In truth, Lucien Léger, 27, looked disappointingly unlike most Parisians' spine-tingling image of *l'étrangleur*, the Jekyll-and-Hyde strangler who had hogged the headlines and taunted the police for 40 days. "The Machiavelli of crime," as *France-Soir* had dubbed him, turned out to be a colorless, bespectacled little (5 ft. 4 in., 130 lbs.) male student nurse from the shabby suburb of Villejuif. His hobby was writing banal verse, which he set to borrowed music; he even paid to have his songs recorded and issued in a jacket flatteringly decorated with his face and name.

Trapped by the last bizarre stunt in



THE RECORD
Songs to strangle by.

his succession of bragging phone calls and letters to the police and press, Léger sat chatting with detectives at police headquarters as a squad from the Sûreté's First Mobile Brigade searched his apartment; in it they found the lined rose-tinted pad on which all 58 of the strangler's messages had been written. After 24 hours of grilling, Léger burst into tears and admitted: "Oui, je suis bien l'assassin du petit Luc." He was drawn to the little boy, he explained, because "he seemed as unhappy as I was when I was his age."

An Undercover Talleyrand

The road to espionage is rarely paved with good intentions. Most of the "agents" working the dark corners of the cold war were lured there by simple greed or forced there by blackmail. But in the case of French Spy Georges Pâques, the motive was sheer do-goodism, complicated by a dash of intellectual vanity.

Since the Sûreté blew his cover last year (TIME, Oct. 4), the chubby, urbane French press attaché to NATO had been busy preparing his rationale. Last



THE TRAITOR
Seminar of spying.

week, at his trial before a state security court in Paris, he unveiled it. Posed impishly in the box, with one hand resting lightly on a thick dossier and a thin smile playing across his face, Pâques took six hours to tell his tale of misguided intelligence. His 19-year career as an agent in the pay of the Soviet Union, Pâques argued, had been nothing more than a clandestine political seminar, an effort to explain the intricacies of French policy. By filling the Russians in on Western military strength, he also felt he could counteract the "excess of weight" of the Anglo-Saxons—particularly the U.S.—in Europe and Africa, and perhaps prevent war based on miscalculation.

A Bit Choosy. Pâques believed he was ideally suited for this role. After all, he was a *normalien*—a graduate like French Premier Georges Pompidou and philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre, of the prestigious Ecole Normale Supérieure, and thus a "certified intellectual." So, first in Algiers in 1944, later in Paris, where he served in a succession of government departments, Pâques began a series of "political conversations" with a changing list of Soviet embassy personnel.

The Russians were eager to learn, gladly put up with Pâques' innocuous profiles of government ministers and long-winded explanations of French diplomatic thinking until their instructor could provide them with more valuable information. For his part, Pâques insisted that his pupils at least be apt. When an embassy official named Lysenko became his contact in 1959, Pâques complained crabby about the Russian's "lesser intellectual capacity" and Lysenko's banal insistence on teaching him how to use a microcamera.

A Message from Garcia. In 1962 the Russians found an ideal student for their French teacher, Vasily Vlasov, first secretary in the Soviet embassy, clucked sympathetically at Pâques' revelations of "the aggressive intentions of the United States," urged Pâques to turn down a job in French counterespionage in favor of one on NATO's information staff. "He thought I had neither the character nor the temperament for counterespionage work," Pâques told the court. "He was interested in my fate."

Now Russian patience paid off. Using the code name Garcia, Pâques set up meetings with Vlasov in Méfro stations, cafés, the Bois de Meudon and a suburban church. During the ten months he served as NATO information officer, he handed over the Allied military contingency plans for the defense of Berlin, a document of NATO's military-force needs from 1958 to 1963, a top-secret military plan named Fallex, many NATO studies on the political situation in Soviet satellites, psychological warfare plans, and regularly briefed Vlasov on the NATO ministerial conferences he attended. It was all good, hard intelligence, for Pâques had a "cosmic" clearance—the classification in NATO sec-

ond only to "cabale," the top status. Pâques would have gone undetected except for a Russian defector who early last summer told the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency that Moscow had obtained the Allied contingency plans for Berlin from sources in Paris. The Sûreté immediately began tailing Pâques and 15 other suspects, rapidly narrowed the field to him. The charge against him was treason, which under the French penal code carries the death penalty. But as the court listened openmouthed to Pâques' naive self-justification last week, a spark of sympathy was struck. As his defense counsel put it: "He was a *normalien*, a man who thought he was capable of maintaining his own permanent summit conference with the Russians, a sort of undercover Talleyrand." For that reason they sentenced Georges Pâques to life imprisonment.



ACROSS THE FIELD & INTO THE WIRE
The crop was high, but so was the Gepo's eye.

BERLIN

They Keep Coming

Two East German brothers, aged 19 and 21, crept silently into a grain field at the East-West border one recent summer afternoon and flattened themselves amidst the billowing green stalks. Looming above them were two 30-ft.-high wooden guard towers manned by grim East German Gepos toting machine pistols, and between the towers stretched three rows of ugly barbed wire.

For six hours the brothers lay still. Then, just before 7 p.m., West Berliners strolling on the other side of the field stopped in their tracks, agast, as they saw the two young men rise to make their break. Wearing heavy gloves to protect their hands, the brothers vaulted one row of wire, then another, finally the third. Luckily, the guards' backs were turned. Only one shot was fired—and that by a young West Berlin woman who excitedly snapped her camera (see cut) just as the two successfully hurdled the final barrier to freedom in the West.

WEST GERMANY

Adenauallism

When Konrad Adenauer stepped down as West Germany's Chancellor last October, the Christian Democrats who took over hoped that he would fade into political oblivion. Not a prayer. *Der Alte* has not hesitated to snipe at the policies of his successor. Last week he bounced right back into center stage. In the first open challenge to Ludwig Erhard's leadership, Adenauer berated his successor for rejecting the "complete union" of France and West Germany that Charles de Gaulle had professed in Bonn earlier in the month.

Backed by other powerful "Gaulists" in the ruling Christian Democratic Union, Adenauer urged support for a loose association of sovereign states, the European Third Force that De Gaulle en-

ULLSTEIN—BILDERVERBUND

GREECE

Slap for the Center

Prime Minister George Papandreu's lure for leftist support in last February's national elections was a pledge to repeal anti-Communist legislation enacted between 1946 and 1949 when Communist guerrillas tried to seize power. Sure enough, Papandreu's Center Union, having garnered 173 seats in Greece's 300-member Parliament, rammed through a bill to free most Communist prisoners convicted of sedition and murder, abolish political deportations, and deprive the police of power to withhold work permits on political grounds.

In municipal elections last week, Papandreu's more liberal policies toward the left were put to the test, and the ruling Center Union emerged the principal loser. Leftist and pro-Communist candidates running under the banner of the United Democratic Left Party or as independents won more than half of the 230 mayoralty races. And it was mostly at the expense of Papandreu's followers. Most embarrassing to the government was the balloting in Athens, where 1,850,000 of Greece's 9,000,000 people live. There Pausanias Katsotas, a minister in Papandreu's Cabinet who resigned to run for mayor, polled only 25% of the vote, trailing both leftists and rightists.

ALGERIA

Still in the Saddle

Treachery last week ended the short-lived revolt of Colonel Mohammed Chaabani, 32. Guided by informers to an oasis where Chaabani and 87 followers were resting, government troops surrounded the overconfident rebels and forced them to surrender without firing a shot. It was one up for Ahmed ben Bella, Algeria's harassed Premier and President, who clings uneasily to control of his ragtag nation.

Arrests, dismissals and resignations were becoming a habit; hardly a day went by without some new police swoop. One victim was Abderrahmane Farès, a foe of the regime, who was interim President when Ben Bella first came to power in 1962. Disaffection reached into the Cabinet and was ruthlessly dealt with by Ben Bella. Out went the Minister of Interior, who resigned in protest against a decree ordering regional governors to bypass the ministry and report directly to the President. In Switzerland, Ben Bella moved swiftly against Mohammed Khider, the former revolutionary comrade who had fled into exile with a reported \$1,200,000 in party funds. At Algeria's request, Swiss officials blocked Khider's bank accounts.

All this demonstrated that, though he is increasingly isolated, Ben Bella is in the saddle and means to stay there. As long as the army remains loyal to the regime, he probably will.

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The Federal Pavilion



World's Fair Helipad



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Hong Kong Pavilion



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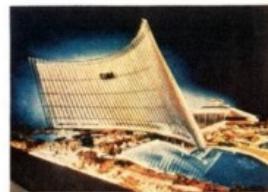
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THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

Friendly Fidel

Fidel Castro generally is inclined to thumb his nose at the U.S. and at any other country that disagrees with him. Last week he changed his style and seemed to be waving and grinning all around. In a flurry of interviews with and invitations to U.S. newsmen, he sought to convince everybody that Cuba wanted nothing but peace and good fellowship with its neighbors—particularly the U.S.

Sugar, Anyone? For an opener Castro sought out the New York Times, which shares with the Associated Press the distinction of operating the only U.S. news bureaus in Havana. In 18 hours of talk, Castro laid it on thick for Times Correspondent Richard Eder—and the Times, in its characteristic fashion, gave Castro its front page for a forum. The bearded Cuban talked about reconciliation with the U.S., smoothly suggested that now was the time to normalize trade relations—meaning his lost sugar sales—and mused about the possibility of resuming diplomatic relations. He even admitted that he had supplied aid to guerrillas in other parts of Latin America, and airily offered to cease and desist if the U.S. would end its own subversive activity inside Cuba. "We do not hate you," said Castro magnanimously. "If the U.S. is ready to

live with us, then we would feel the same obligation."

No sooner was the Times interview in print than Castro wired 25 U.S. newspapers and magazines, "cordially" inviting them to send representatives to Cuba to witness the country's July 26th anniversary celebration in Santiago in eastern Oriente province. Most of the big-city papers were included, from the San Francisco Chronicle to Boston's Christian Science Monitor. TIME and Newsweek were invited. But no Miami or Scripps-Howard papers were on the guest list, nor were any of the television networks.

Trouble. What was behind Castro's sudden image-polishing? Washington's Castrolists put it in a word: trouble. Though Castro remains in ironfisted control of his island, the economy is just barely bumping along, cut off from any real trade with the West and without enough help from Moscow to make a go of it. Abroad, Castro's image has been severely tarnished by the spectacular defection of his sister Juanita (TIME, July 10). And next week the 20 foreign ministers of the Organization of American States will meet in Washington to vote on sanctions against Cuba for shipping arms to Communist terrorists in Venezuela. The prospect is for a clear two-thirds majority branding Castro an "aggressor." The OAS is expected to ask all the hemisphere nations to break their remaining economic ties with Cuba.

Aside from the New York Times, which thought that Fidel's friendly new look "deserves serious scrutiny and thorough exploration," the reaction was generally cool. The State Department regarded the Cuban overture as an attempt to buy time and take some of the steam out of the OAS, advised Castro to back his words with evidence. Said a spokesman: "We have consistently maintained that there are two elements that are not negotiable—Castro's ties of dependency with the Soviet Union, which are tantamount to Soviet domination, and the continuance of Castro's promotion of subversion elsewhere in the hemisphere."

POPULATION

Double by 1986

What part of the world has the fastest growing population? Not India and not Communist China. The population explosion is strongest in tropical South America—a 5,300,000-sq.-mi. area encompassing Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Venezuela, and the three Guianas, British, Dutch and French (see map). According to the Population Reference Bureau, an independent, nonprofit organization based in Washington, D.C., these nine coun-



tries are growing at an average rate of 3.2% each year, compared with about 2% for India and Red China. At current rates, their 121 million population will double by 1986; in 100 years something like 3.8 billion people will be fighting for survival in the area's inhospitable mountain ranges, jungles and deserts.

High birth rates of 40 to 50 per 1,000 annually have long been a fact of Latin American life. Since World War II, modern medicine has reduced the death rate to less than 20 per 1,000 in most countries. Brazil, whose 78 million people are increasing by 3.6% each year, is growing the fastest; next comes Venezuela, with 8,100,000 and a growth rate of 3.3%. Tiny Ecuador, whose 4,700,000 people stand 43 to the square mile, already has the highest population density of any South American country, and is compounding the matter with a 3.2% growth rate. Only in mountainous Bolivia, where 2,400,000 Indians struggle to exist in the thin Andean air, do the deaths start approaching the births.

The human explosion poses staggering problems for the nine nations—and for the U.S. as their Alianza partner. Almost half of the region's population are under 15 years of age, children who must be educated and trained for jobs, which must then be found for them. In Brazil, despite all efforts to build more schools, only half the children are getting a grade school education, only 6% high school training. Concludes the Population Reference Bureau: "Until a new 'vital balance' is achieved—a low birth rate balancing a low death rate—economic progress and better living conditions for each citizen will be very difficult to attain, if not impossible."



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This modern hotel has been Glass Conditioned.

GRAYLITE, a product of Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company,

brings added comfort to the open delight of today's glass-walled buildings. It is one of many PPG environmental glasses used for Glass Conditioning—the modern technique for controlling the effect of the sun's heat and light.

Remarkably, these products cost little more to install than conventional glass. Look into the advantages of Glass Conditioning for your next building project. We'll be happy to work with your architect.

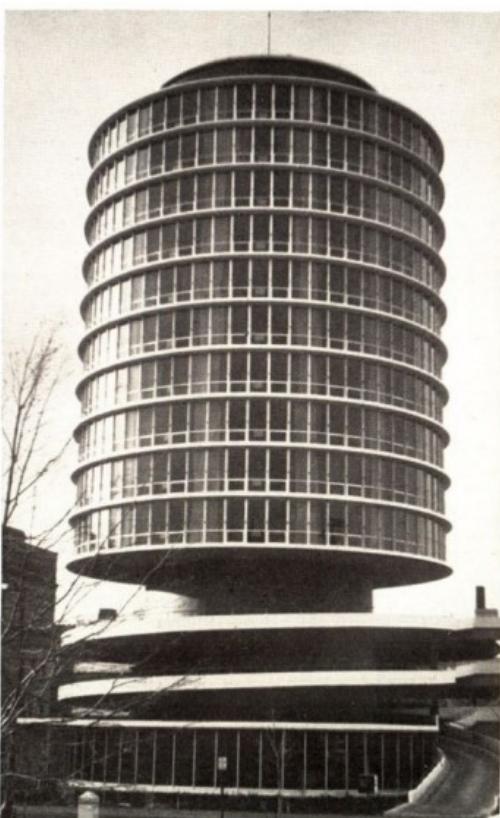
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PPG makes
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Floor to ceiling window walls provide light, openness and a dramatic view. PPG GRAYLITE softens the glare of the sun to a comfortable level, even in direct sunlight as at left and above.



The Christopher Inn, Columbus, Ohio. 140 guest rooms encircled by PPG GRAYLITE Glass, which helps keep rooms pleasantly cool despite direct rays of the sun. Architects: Karlsberger Associates, Columbus.

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PEOPLE



SELLERS & BRIDE BRITT
The wheel came full cycle.

"I suffer from a prolonged mechanical adolescence," says **Peter Sellers**, 38, who loves nothing better than a spin in his 83rd car, a \$19,600 Ferrari, which makes a nice change of pace from his 82nd, a \$14,000 Lincoln Continental. But 100 m.p.h. can be hard on the heart, and an April cardiac seizure made Peter feel like a very old man, so the wheel has come full cycle, and it's back to puberty down an English country lane for the convalescent comedian and his bride Britt Eklund.

Mary Ann, 10 mos., **Mary Magdalene**, 10 mos., **Mary Catherine**, 10 mos., **Mary Margaret**, 10 mos., **James Andrew Fischer**, 10 mos., and their five older siblings take the giant economy-size cartoon. What's more, says Mother Mary Ann, they have a new brother and/or sister due in September. One company that's strictly milk and honey to is Borden's, which has just lined up the quints and their family to boost everything it sells from gum to beans, but mainly guess what? Elsie, move over.

The memories were still strong, and gawking sightseers made N Street all but impassable, so **Jacqueline Kennedy**, 34, decided that next fall she, Caroline and John Jr. will move to impersonal Manhattan and put their twelve-room Georgetown house up for sale.

It was too early for Bastille Day, too late for the Fourth of July, but **Frank Sinatra**, 46, is so big for independence that he started his own revolution in Paris. During a wild night on the barricades, tossing firecrackers and four-letter sizzlers, Frank and his Hollywood citizens led French photographers to hot spots from the Left Bank to the Champs Elysées. As a cherry bomb burst in the air outside one *boîte*, a French news-poule asked, "Is that a game for middle-

aged men?", to which Frankie glared reply, "Say that again and I'll smash your face in." She didn't, but the pack routed the rabble anyway with drawn knives, a gin bottle and a couple of clubs, leaving some Frenchmen thinking wistfully: *Quel dommage la Bastille was ever torn down.*

In Washington, D.C., the estate of Builder **Morris Cafritz**, who died last month at 77, was tidily appraised at \$24 million, of which the feds will get \$3,000,000, his widow, sometime Party Girl Gwen, \$6,000,000, his three sons and charity the rest.

Bounding triumphantly from the grueling examinations that won him his *lycée*'s coveted *bachot*, **Charles de Gaulle**, 15, *mon général*'s oldest and favorite grandchild, reported that as his examination code name he had used "*L'état, c'est moi!*" Despite dark suspicions that "certain professors are intimidated by my name," he nevertheless flunked Latin, pulled through on the strength of his French and history, which surprised few of his fellow students, among whom he is already famous for his imitations of Grandpa. "I am a Gaullist," he explains, grandly. "But if I were in Grandfather's place, I would be much more intransigent."

Oregon's Senator **Maurine Neuberger**, 57, who succeeded her husband Richard after his death in 1960, will be married "some time this year" to Dr. Phillip Solomon, 50, a divorced Boston psychiatrist.

As it must to practically anyone who parks in Rio de Janeiro nowadays, *pifft* came to **Lincoln Gordon**, 50, U.S. Ambassador to Brazil. The official Cadillac (license: CD3) was parked in a forbidden zone across from the embassy, whereupon a Rio cop breezily whiffled the air from its front tires, preparatory to having it hauled away as part of the city's enthusiastic traffic improvement campaign. A hard-pumping attache soon got things rolling again, however, and there was one consolation. Gordon got dozens of sympathetic phone calls from fellow flatties. Said he: "This is the first time in three years I've had such unanimous support."

Well, the candidate was a Dodger, a well-known Dodger, and he was dodging the accusations made by Vermont Bricklayer **Rene Morin**, 51, that he, **Leo Durocher**, 57, had stolen the heart of Morin's wife Anna, 51. The original Lip was curled up on the witness stand in Middlebury, Vt., during Morin's \$150,000 alienation-of-affections suit. "I respect and admire Mrs. Morin," grated Leo, giving the ump his side of the story. But the girl "I am very, very much in love with" is Morin's daughter

Carolyn, 26, a leggy actress-model and the coach's onetime secretary, whom he has dated since his marriage to Actress Laraine Day was rained out in 1960. He gave mother and daughter gifts, he agreed, but to persuade Carolyn to become Mrs. D. Said she: "If the offer is still open, I might reconsider."

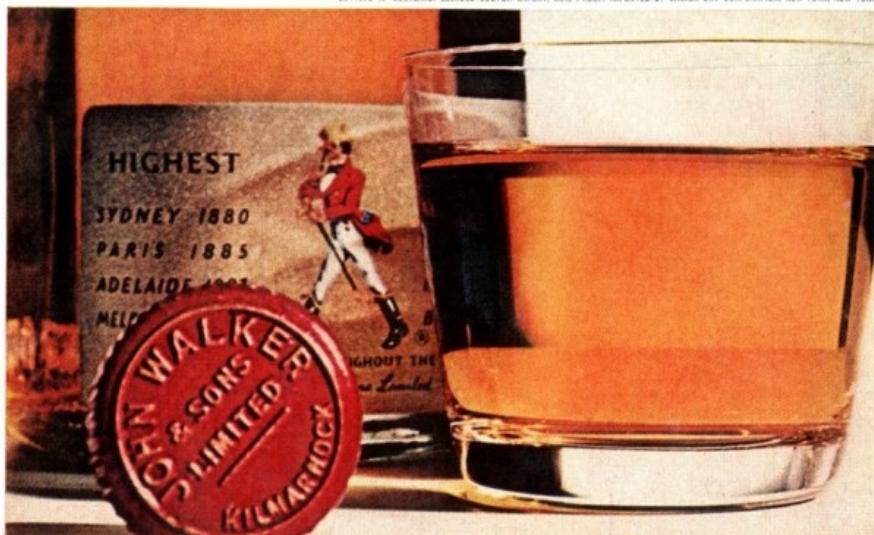
Foreign devils do it. Even Moscow revisionists do it. But for **Mao Tse-tung**, 70, leader of the glorious Chinese People's Republic, to indulge in such barbarian ostentation as a limousine was hardly thinkable. Nonetheless, Mao has apparently decided to make the great leap forward in style. Peking has placed an order with Britain's decadent Rolls-Royce Ltd., for a \$12,726 Silver Cloud Mark III and a \$20,454 Phantom V. They should do a lot for his image at the Gate of Heavenly Peace, since with a little friendly assistance even the clock in a Rolls can be persuaded not to tick.

Kelly's Law states that if you bring your umbrella to work, it won't rain. It also decrees that if a Democratic Senator breaks his back in western Massachusetts, he will wind up with a Republican town committeewoman for a day nurse. To be sure, it made for some stimulating discussion at Northampton's Cooley Dickinson Hospital, but **Teddy Kennedy**, 32, failed to shake Mrs. Esther Madden on either the merits of Barry Goldwater or the demerits of the civil rights law before he was strapped onto a stretcher and driven 100 miles to Boston's New England Baptist Hospital, to be close to his family for the six to ten months he may have to stay. "He's a wonderful man and a wonderful patient," said Nurse Madden. But would she vote for him? "I wouldn't comment on that."



KENNEDY, NURSE MADDEN & WIFE JOAN
But the lady wouldn't say.

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could still be in force when he goes to school.

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EDUCATION

CAMPUSES

Advice from a Wise Old Computer

The typical junior college for 4,500 students requires 142 classrooms, but the junior college soon to be built in St. Louis will do the same job with 80. The savings will be \$3,000,000, and all the credit goes to a wise old computer.

Using techniques followed by aerospace engineers to simulate the performance of the Gemini space capsule, technicians at St. Louis' McDonnell Automation Center fed an IBM 7094 computer a diet of data that included the college's projected curriculum, the expected line-up of courses for the students, the size of classrooms, labs, lecture halls and shops, the size of the faculty, and time patterns for classes. In less than 30 minutes, the computer produced a schedule that would keep the instructional areas in use for 80% of the college's 45-hour week—as compared with an average utilization rate of from 30% to 50%.

Following the computer's advice, 100,000 sq. ft. were lopped off the building plans for the new campus. Two additional colleges are planned, and by 1970 a student body of 16,000 is expected for the three superefficient campuses. Said a grateful taxpayer: "How do you give an honorary degree to a computer?"

TEACHERS

Nuns for the 21st Century

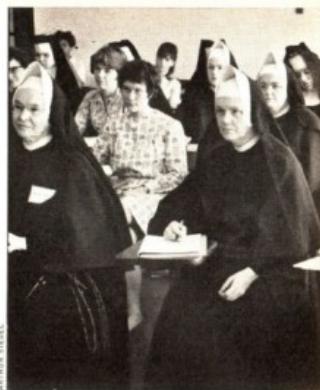
From Columbia University last year, a Roman Catholic nun working for her M.A. in Russian flew off to the Soviet Union to do interviews on the 1917 Revolution. At the University of California in Berkeley, one of the nation's best centers for Hispanic studies, another nun, expert in Spanish, has just been offered a job as a teaching fellow. In New York, sisters attending Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart avidly study the sometimes shocking works of Samuel Beckett, and other nuns press curiously into a Second Avenue loft to take in the blasphemous black mass of Jean Genet's *The Blacks*.

Many such horizon-widening studies for U.S. nuns are planned and sponsored by the Sister Formation Conference, an organization successfully dedicated to raising the educational standards of the nation's 104,000 teaching nuns. Says Sister Bertrande Meyers of Missouri's Marillac College, which runs a year-round training program for the conference: "We prepare nuns for the 21st century."

How Many Hail Marys? Until recently, most U.S. sisters were barely prepared for the 19th. In 1952, one survey showed that only 13 out of the 255 religious communities had training programs to provide their nuns with bachelor's degrees, while 118 had no educa-



SISTER ANNETTE



NUNS IN CLASS



SISTER MARY EMIL

Keeping order to expanding horizons.

long hours in St. Louis courts learning how the law operates, and those at Mundelein study civil rights and the psychology of poverty. In pursuit of higher education, nuns sometimes exchange their habits for dresses (as did the Columbia student who toured Russia) or get ecclesiastical permission to study writers, such as Sartre and Gide, whose works are on Rome's Index of Forbidden Books. And when nuns go on to graduate school, says Sister Mary Ann Ida of Mundelein, "the best type of university is often a state or large private university, and not necessarily a Catholic one."

"We must be dedicated to being the best-prepared teachers possible," says Sister Mary Emil of Detroit's Marygrove College, who believes that "we are within ten to 15 years of establishing the sisterhoods as the best-trained teachers on the American scene." Since one-tenth of the nation's children attend Catholic parochial schools, Sister Formation represents a national asset that will pay off not just in better-educated sister-teachers but also in better-educated Americans.

BOOKS

The Curse & The Hope

(See Cover)

Tell about the South. What's it like there. What do they do there. Why do they live there. Why do they live at all? You can't understand it. You would have to be born there.

—Absalom, Absalom!

The myths, mysteries, and hard realities of the South are the preoccupation of Presidents, the puzzlement of foreigners, the daily grist of newsmen, and the astonishment of the entire nation. Is the South a war camp of church bombings and station-wagon burnings, or is it a region earnestly attempting peaceful compliance with a hated civil rights law? Does it ask for "understanding" merely to delay the inevitable? Or is there a wound so deep that it will not heal for generations to come? Is poverty too prevalent? Is sex too obsessive? What sets Southerners apart—what lies at the root of their beliefs and behavior?

One man who knew was William Faulkner. He was born there, in Mississippi, heir to and prisoner of the crinoline-and-lace tradition; he died there in 1962. In writing 19 novels and 80 short stories, almost all about the South, he won through to an understanding that in its richness, scope and completeness, tragic vision and comic invention, will not soon be equaled. At his best he penetrated the magnolia curtain of Southern illusions to the secret springs of motive and action. He said, in effect, "This is the way it feels to be Southern"—something the North needs to know and the South may even need to be reminded of.

Faulkner's vision has little to do with sit-ins and registration drives. His is a vision of history and the heart. It begins with the land in its original wildness and its taming and spoliation by the first settlers and their slaves. For him the crime of the South was chattel slavery, and the white man's denial of the Negro's equal humanity was an ineradicable curse on the land and its people. Ever since, Faulkner argues, the white Southerner has been burdened by a crippling, unacknowledged guilt, as intimate and inescapable as if taken in with the milk of his mother—or of his Negro wife.

Slavery brought the disaster of the Civil War, which united the South, gave it legends, but impoverished it. Reconstruction, by attempting to impose rev-

olutionary change, created the South's implacable resistance to change, and thus put off for a century any real hope of racial equality and the working-out of the Southerners' guilt on their own initiative—which is the only way guilt can be worked out.

The defeated whites clung to the past when Mississippi had been one of the richest states in the Union and Jefferson Davis the rebel President. They were scared because they felt that they were

again and again the fear and the reality of miscegenation, and he makes comprehensive the sexual hysteria behind the myth of Southern white womanhood. He can extort reluctant understanding for a code of grim and instant violence.

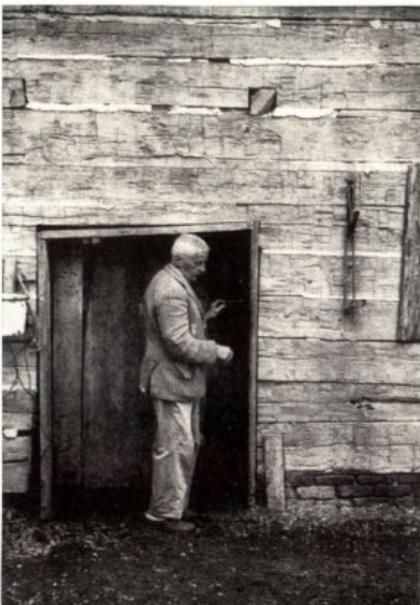
Faulkner also knew the gropings and costs of conciliation, and the difficulty and urgency of arousing men of good will to action. He spoke of the future not as a social scientist with a blueprint

and a program, but as a novelist of "the human heart in conflict with itself"—as he said when he received the Nobel Prize. Thus his hopes are implicit in the psychology of the characters he created and in the moral judgments he requires the reader to make. And what he seemed to hope was that out of the heart in conflict, out of the crisis of conscience, could come a new reverence for the land and all its people, and a voluntary recognition by the individual white Southerner of the humanity of the individual Negro. He put his faith in the generation now coming to maturity to go much farther than its fathers.

For those who had ears to hear, Faulkner was offering these things more than a quarter-century ago, back when the public that was embracing *Gone With the Wind* could dismiss the South's sporadic violence (119 lynchings in the '30s) and constant racial repression as merely a peculiar regional problem. Faulkner himself was often treated as a strictly regional writer. In 1945, just five years before he won the Nobel Prize, nearly all his novels were out of print. Many white Southerners still turn away from him as difficult, gothic and horrifically loaded down with a

guilt they claim they do not feel. Yet today William Faulkner is the one writer—sociologist, historian or novelist, Southerner or Northerner, white or Negro—who is inescapably relevant to a compassionate understanding of the Southern crisis.

Born & Bred. Halfway through the writing of his third novel, *Sartoris*, he had a vision: "I discovered that my own little postage stamp of native soil was worth writing about and that I would never live long enough to exhaust it. I created a cosmos of my own." He called it Yoknapatawpha County and set it down in the rolling pine hills and cotton-rich valley bottoms of northeastern Mississippi, 80 miles from Memphis, Tenn., named its county seat Jef-



FAULKNER INSPECTING HAND-HEWN LOG BARN
Back to native roots.

few and the Negroes myriad; they were stubborn because only by convincing themselves that the Negro was somehow inferior, like a pet or a horse, could they justify their long crime of refusing to recognize him as an equal human being; they were violent, partly from the strain of sustaining this myth, partly from fear that if the myth was once cracked, at any point or in any context, the whole perilously maintained social structure would collapse.

Gropings & Costs. Thus Faulkner's stories know the moment when a Southern child first hates, and what happens to men who use other men as tools. Faulkner brings alive the Southern preoccupation with the past and the sickness of living in memories. He teaches

erson, and peopled its 2,400 sq. mi. with 15,611 residents—"Whites, 6,298; Negroes, 9,313. William Faulkner, sole owner and proprietor."

Faulkner set 15 of his 19 novels in Yoknapatawpha County. He drew its map, crisscrossed its landscape in his stories, plotted the intricate genealogies of some of its families for four and five generations, told and retold its legends, and searched out its history back to its original Indian inhabitants.

So real was the world of Yoknapatawpha to Faulkner that he sometimes gave the impression of living the life of his county almost day by day. During a bibulous all-afternoon lunch in New York with his last Random House editor, Albert Erskine, Faulkner might ask: "By the way, did you hear what happened to Sarty Snopes?" and then launch into anecdotes (some of them never published) just as if Erskine had lived in the same town but had not been back for a spell. Faulkner once remarked to a friend that Yoknapatawpha Lawyer Gavin Stevens "was a good man, but he didn't succeed in living up to his ideal. But his nephew, the boy [Chick Mallison, the young hero of *Intruder in the Dust*], I think he may grow up to be a better man than his uncle; I think he may succeed as a human being."

Looking Glass. Yoknapatawpha County and the town of Jefferson resemble closely the Oxford, Miss., area where Faulkner was born in 1897. (Yoknapatawpha was the original Indian name of the river that runs past Oxford.) Many of its inhabitants, including most of the principal characters of his novels, are closely drawn from his family, his acquaintances, his ancestors. His great-grandfather William Cuthbert Falkner (the novelist added the 'u') was a Confederate colonel and a fiery leader of irregular cavalry; he later turned railroad builder and politician, killed two men in gun fights, was himself finally shot dead in the street by a former business partner. In each larger-than-life detail he has long been recognized as the model for Faulkner's Colonel John Sartoris, progenitor of the Sartoris family, whose family legends, falling fortunes and declining vigor the novelist traced through four generations in eleven novels (principally *Sartoris* and *The Unvanquished*). Oxford friends of Faulkner can tentatively identify the real-life sources of several dozen other characters and incidents, including some of the most decadent and grotesque.

But Yoknapatawpha County is far more than antiquarianism and an exer-

cise in skirting the law of libel: it is a looking glass of magical power to enable the patient viewer to see the South whole.

Faulkner was first of all a social historian of matchless accuracy and sweep in capturing the detail of the way life in the Deep South was, and often still is, for whites and Negroes, rednecks and aristocrats, farmers and townspeople. He was also a raconteur of hallucinatory splendor and sudden mirth. But primarily, Faulkner chronicled and explicated the mind and conscience—and something deeper than conscience

Burden remembers the time when her abolitionist father took her to the family graves and told her: "Your grandfather and brother are lying there, murdered not by one white man but by the curse which God put on a whole race before your grandfather or your brother or me or you were even thought of. A race doomed and cursed to be forever and ever a part of the white race's doom and curse for its sins. Remember that. His doom and his curse. Forever and ever. Mine. Your mother's. Yours, even though you are a child. The curse of every white child that ever was born and that ever will be born. None can escape it."

And Joanna remembers: "I had seen and known Negroes since I could remember. I just looked at them as I did at rain, or furniture, or food or sleep. But after that I seemed to see them for the first time not as people, but as a thing, a shadow in which I lived, we lived, all white people, all other people. I thought of all the children coming forever and ever into the world, white, with black shadow already falling upon them before they drew breath."

On the Floor. Faulkner has explored this thesis in myriad ways, but none is more touching, or echoes the experiences of more Southerners, than the story of seven-year-old Roth Edmonds in *Go Down, Moses*. In all Roth's young life, his constant companion has been a Negro boy named Henry, son of a nearby Negro farmer. They have played and fished together, eaten the same meals and often slept in the same bed. "Then one day the old curse of his fathers, the old haughty ancestral pride based not on any value but on an accident of geography stemmed not from courage and honor but from wrong and shame, descended to him." Roth decrees that Henry must sleep on a pallet

on the floor. This primal wrong and first denial of equality leaves Roth in "a rigid fury of the grief he could not explain, the shame he would not admit."

Just how far Mississippi's troubles extend back into history is examined in *Absalom, Absalom!*! That history is inexorably racial. The novel mercilessly strips away the romantic Southern mythology to reveal the brutal repression of slavery, the arrogance of plantation owners who could summon Negro girls to their beds as if they were ordering the carriage brought around to the door, the guilt behind the Southern obsession with "purity of blood," and the consequences down through the generations of the white man's refusal ever to recognize his Negro offspring, his in-



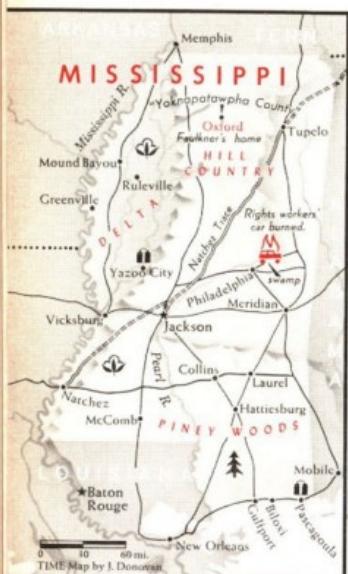
GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE LEAVING APPOMMATTOX (BY WAUD)

Out of the memory of defeat.

or even consciousness—of the white Southerner. In effect, his exploration was an exploration of himself. This is one of the most difficult things to do honestly, and one of the most significant if done well.

Black Shadow. For no man could have been more wholly in the South and of the South. William Faulkner was deeply, almost mystically, attached to the land. He was the great-grandson of a man who had owned slaves; his father ran only a livery stable. But Faulkner's concern was spiritual, not economic. His obsession was the region's deepest secret, what he called the curse on the land.

He put it most passionately in *Light in August*, as the tormented Joanna



ability ever to say "my son, my son," to his dark-born child.

In a panting, difficult prose, the se-
eral 20th century narrators of *Absalom, Absalom!* pursue the story of Thomas Sutpen, who came to Mississippi with wagonloads of savage blacks in 1832 determined to change a 100-sq.-mi. piece of virgin forest into a plantation. Sutpen is a creature of high-flown words and naked will—and perhaps the closest to a tragic hero in the classical Greek sense that U.S. literature has produced.

His fierce dream of Sutpen's Hundred at first succeeds. But disaster overtakes him and his dream of a dynasty. His grown son Henry brings home a friend, Charles Bon, who courts Sutpen's grown daughter Judith—but who turns out to be Sutpen's never-acknowledged child by his first wife, whom he put aside when he discovered that the aristocratic Creole girl had a trace of Negro blood. The Civil War interrupts, and the men go off to fight. But when the weary combatants return and meet at the gate of the ruined plantation, young Henry Sutpen shoots down his half-brother Charles Bon. Why? Was it because of a fear that Judith would commit incest? Or miscegenation?

Thus the plot of *Absalom, Absalom!* sums up the fundamental Southern anxiety: to the racist's question, "would you want your sister to marry one?" Faulkner adds "when he may be your brother?" This, Faulkner seems to say, lies at the heart of the almost paranoiac fear of the "mixing of bloods," which

would call in question the belief in a difference between the races on which white dominance was founded, and which, as the owner of one of Mississippi's largest plantations said last week, is still "very real for many whites today."

Crisis of Identity. In *Light in August*, Faulkner demonstrated how the preoccupation with race can make it tragically impossible for a man to know who he really is, and dramatized the mindless virulence of white reaction to miscegenation. Joe Christmas, the book's hellish hero, is a remarkably modern figure: in the psychological camp phrase of 1964, he suffers an "identity crisis" because he thinks he is part Negro successfully passing for white. Compounding his agonizing psychological fracture, Joe Christmas takes for his mistress a woman who embodies the Southerner's hated notion of the "outside agitator." Joanna Burden is a spinster, a Northerner, dedicated to helping Negroes. Her failure is that she is not able to know Negroes as individuals, but only as an abstract mass or a brooding presence. One day Joanna is found brutally murdered in her bedroom. Obviously Joe has killed her. But this would not have excited the town until an acquaintance of Joe Christmas says that he has always thought Joe was a nigger. That sets off the mob. In his description of Joe's lynching, Faulkner makes clear that vengeance does not expunge guilt, and expiation is nigh to impossible.

"When they saw what Grimm was doing one of the men gave a choked cry and stumbled back into the wall and began to vomit. Then Grimm too sprang back, flinging behind him the bloody butcher knife. 'Now you'll let white women alone, even in hell,' he said. But the man on the floor had not moved . . . From out the slashed garments about his hips and loins the pent black blood seemed to rush like a released breath . . . upon that black blast the man seemed to rise soaring into their memories forever and ever. They are not to lose it, in whatever peaceful valleys, beside whatever placid and reassuring streams of old age, in the mirroring faces of whatever children they will contemplate old disasters and newer hopes."

Renunciation. In the series of novels and short stories brought together in *Go Down, Moses*, Faulkner expressed most explicitly his hope that some day reconciliation may be found in an end to exploitation of one race by another. More than any other Faulkner character, Ike McCaslin grapples with and points the way to the moral and emotional resolution of the white man's guilt. Faulkner begins again at the beginning, where Ike McCaslin's ancestors with their slaves took the land from the Indians and tamed it to cotton. He then tells how Ike himself as a boy grows up in the town of Jefferson, learns to hunt deer and bear, and is

initiated into a manly love for the wilderness and all the creatures in it.

Ostensibly, Ike McCaslin's life is a series of hunting stories. As that, they are fine entertainment, often anthologized. But beyond that the stories make up a mystical, and for Faulkner truly religious, statement of man's holy relation to the wild land. What Ike McCaslin learns is that he can have peace only at the price of renouncing his claim to his father's slave-won, sharecropper-run plantation, "founded upon injustice and erected by ruthless rapacity and carried on even yet with at times downright savagery not only to the human being but the valuable animals too." But after this his wife rejects him, and Ike thereby loses the right to found a family of his own. The price of reconciliation is terribly high, Faulkner says—and even then it may not be enough.

Told by an Idiot. In *The Sound and the Fury*, which many critics call his greatest book, Faulkner examined the aimlessness, moral impotence and sense of doom that he saw afflicting many of the old established Southern families in the first third of this century. The events are simple enough, though the stream-of-consciousness telling makes them often difficult to follow. Of the four children in the aristocratic Compson family, the boy Benjy is an idiot, the girl Caddy gets pregnant, marries the wrong man, and goes away, the boy Quentin commits suicide in an inflexible rejection of his sister's dishonor, and the boy Jason grows into a man constantly lashing himself with hate, frustration and repressed violence.

Only the old Negro servant of the family, Dilsey Gibson, can be seen as whole and fully human. Some have found Dilsey heroically simple to the point of sentimental caricature of the "black mammy." Faulkner clearly in-



FAULKNER'S HOUSE IN OXFORD
A view through the magnolia curtain.

tended her as a celebration of the quality of Negro endurance that survives with dignity in the Deep South. She is also the book's moral norm, against which the reader measures the decline of the Compsons into drunkenness, hypochondria, idiocy, promiscuity and suicide. Through the three decades spanned by the novel, Dilsey Gibson, with her strength, patience and honesty, is the only one who keeps the family together at all.

Crisis in the Flesh. Faulkner's developing alarm over the grim daily realities of race in the present-day South was best demonstrated in three notable character portraits (one Negro, two white) he painted in *Intruder in the Dust*, which was his first novel in seven years when it was published in 1948. Lucas Beauchamp (rhymes with reach 'em) is what the local whites violently resent as a "damned high-nosed impudent Negro." As the book opens, he is about to be lynched for murdering a white man. He proves himself model of imperturbable courage that any civil rights leader should envy.

Lawyer Gavin Stevens, whom Beauchamp calls on to defend him, is the very picture of the well-meaning but ineffectual white moderate who is reluctant to act on his convictions. Faulkner's belief that the coming generation carries the burden and opportunity of reconciliation is personified in Chick Mallison, the white lad who digs up the evidence that clears Beauchamp. Chick is torn between the tradition that expects him to hate Beauchamp for his prideful independence, and his own grudging, slowly growing respect for Lucas as a man. More explicitly than any other of Faulkner's books, *Intruder in the Dust* is the South's racial crisis given flesh.

Walked Off the Page. But Faulkner is finally relevant not narrowly to the Negro problem in the South but to the white problem—the ills of the entire society and way of life he writes about. In his Snopes trilogy, starting with *The Hamlet*, he turned to another aspect of that society, telling of the grimly independent small white farmers and the rise of that perfectly unprincipled man Flen Snopes.

Flem Snopes and his rootless clan are a Faulkner creation that rose up and walked off the page. Throughout the South today, "Snopes" is a derisive epithet for men ranging from leading demagogic politicians down to the Klansman next door. Snopes pop up early in Yoknapatawpha County, but unlike most other Faulkner characters they seem to have no ancestors—at least not from Mississippi. Flem's father, the vicious Ab Snopes, wore neither blue uniform nor grey, but was a carion crow on Civil War battlefields.

Flem rises because he has no humanity to blur the cold, hyper-rational clarity with which he uses other people's weaknesses. When he outgrows the back

country and moves to Jefferson (in *The Town* and *The Mansion*), his tribe begins to infiltrate and increase. There is Montgomery Ward Snopes the pornographer, Wat Snopes the carpenter, Virgil Snopes the barber and brothel athlete, and a score of others. When Flem takes over the Sartoris Bank, his success is proof of the loosened grip of the older, principled families.

Agonized Search. All of these novels have a jolting brilliance and precision of characterization. Jason Compson, bitter, narrow and enraged by personal failings, is a merciless rendering of the type of Southerner who constantly vents his frustration with lines such as "What



MISSISSIPPI SHARECROPPER, MULES & CABIN

The price of reconciliation is terribly high, and yet may not be enough.

this country needs is white labor. Let these damn trifling niggers starve for a couple of years, then they'd see what a soft thing they have." Negro Novelist Ralph Ellison says that the enduring Dilsey Gibson reminds him of the real-life Rosa Parks, who touched off the Birmingham, Ala., bus boycott one day in 1955 when she refused to stand up for a white passenger because her feet hurt. Lucas Beauchamp catches to perfection the abrasive, unbending independence of a man like James Meredith, who integrated the University of Mississippi three months after Faulkner's death.

The novels also share another trait that seizes and deeply involves the reader: each is an extended and agonized search for truth. Faulkner at his best thus belongs with novelists like Proust or Dostoevsky. This trait in part explains Faulkner's enormous popularity abroad, particularly in such places as Japan and France, where the state of the soul is considered far more absorbing than sociology—least of all the sociology of a remote region such as the U.S. South. There they have viewed Faulkner's work as a series of morality tales, and long before the U.S. did, they understood his novels as dramatizations

of a U.S. crisis of conscience that most Americans irritably denied existed.

Visible Conflict. Faulkner's overt, publicly voiced views on the Southern crisis are relatively rare and ambiguous. He was a writer above all, and perhaps he did not know what he thought until he had written it. His novels are a kind of diary of his own tormented inner struggle, an inadvertent self-portrait of a man making visible his own conflict of loyalties and good will.

Faulkner also kept himself one of the least public of writers. He rarely gave interviews, and when he did he was frequently gruff and uncooperative. He secluded himself in a classical South-

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PHIL MULLEN



FAULKNER & DEER-HUNTING CRONIES (1952)
One of them, but not all the stores were open.

In that same interview, Faulkner insisted repeatedly that "the Negroes are right—make sure you've got that—they're right," and that Southern white racists "are wrong and their position untenable." But ripped from context, shooting in the streets made headlines. Negro Author James Baldwin condemned Faulkner, in large part for that statement, as "guilty of great emotional and intellectual dishonesty."

Faulkner himself followed up the headlines with letters to many newspapers insisting that he had been misquoted by Howe. What the letters naturally did not mention was the fact that at the time of the interview Faulkner had spent several days working his way through a demijohn of bourbon, a bout set off by a running quarrel about the racial question with his brother John Faulkner, who was a die-hard segregationist.

Stop a While. Not a call to arms for the South, but a plea to the North to "stop for a moment," to hold off forcible desegregation until the South had "a little time" to come to its senses and voluntarily grant the Negro's inevitable equality—this was Faulkner's concern in articles he wrote for *LIFE* and *Ebony* that same year. As early as 1948, Faulkner had put a similar plea in the mouth of Lawyer Stevens in *Intruder in the Dust*. And in a letter to a white student at the University of Alabama at the time of the riots over Autherine Lucy's admission, he wrote: "I vote that we ourselves choose to abolish [segregation], if for no other reason than, by voluntarily giving the Negro the chance for whatever equality he is capable of, we will stay on top; he will owe us gratitude; where, if his equality is forced on us by law, compulsion from the outside, he will be on top from being the victor, the winner against opposition. And no tyrant is more ruthless

than he who was only yesterday the oppressed, the slave."

Such views hardly make a man a radical from the Northern point of view. But in Mississippi, Hodding Carter recalls, people who had always vaguely thought that "Bill Faulkner is one of us" by the mid-'50s were calling him "small-minded Willie, the nigger lover." He was the target of abusive mail and crank phone calls. Around Oxford there were stores and filling stations that refused to serve him.

They were wrong. No man was more fiercely loyal to his land and his people. But he wanted and demanded that the South cure itself. In the words of the rebellious Chick Mallison, looking at his relatives with sudden pride: "That was part of it too, that fierce desire that they should be perfect because they were his and he was theirs, that furious intolerance of any one single jot or tittle less than absolute perfection

—that furious almost instinctive leap and spring to defend them from anyone anywhere so that he might exorcise them himself without mercy since they were his own and he wanted no more save to stand with them unalterable and impregnable: one shame if shame must be, one expiation must surely be but above all one unalterable durable impregnable one: one people one heart one land."

For Every American. Faulkner did not know everything about the South—at least about the new South. He knew few Negroes well, and no civil rights leaders at all, except in briefest acquaintance. He never understood (or anyway portrayed) the urban and educated Negroes that have been the spearhead of the civil rights fight. He saw federal action on civil rights through a haze of fact and legend about the Reconstruction imposed from the North. He never appreciated the imperative need for legal sanction of a Negro's right to sit at a bar, get a haircut, swim in a pool. He only vaguely realized that civil rights legislation provides many a Southerner of good will the excuse to accept—quietly, if not graciously—what cannot be avoided.

Faulkner understood not the legal but the human facts. He understood that the crisis between white and black is not only a crisis for the South but for every American, however many miles may separate him from Mississippi. He understood that legal sanction was one thing, but emotional acceptance was another.

And in the long range of two races' memories or one nation's vision, Faulkner's difficult proposal is the only one that works. He desperately urged on his fellow Southerners—and himself—a change of heart. He never, on the evidence, quite managed that change himself. But if he left a message and a legacy, it was to urge upon his fellow Southerners and the nation the imperative necessity for that change.

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SHOW BUSINESS

BROADWAY

The Icemen Melteth

On the night that *My Fair Lady* opened, Lyricist Alan Jay Lerner waited nervously in the 21 Club for news of the critics' reactions. The telephone rang at last. Lerner listened silently for several minutes, then turned to Composer Fritz Loewe and said softly: "The iceman cometh."

Even theatergoing children are now sophisticated enough to understand Lerner's remark, which, in his case, was made only in jest. For non-theatergoing children, ice can be defined as Broadway's term for the great sums of money made by various theater employees through the scalping of tickets. Over the past winter and spring, following investigations by New York State Attorney General Louis J. Lefkowitz, the term has been all over the theatrical pages of newspapers, and the corruption growing out of Broadway abuses has finally been illuminated.

Lobster Pot. Ice exists, of course, because when fat cats want theater tickets, the price does not matter. So \$20, \$25, \$50, sometimes \$100 is paid for a \$9.60 ticket. The annual take in ice has been estimated at more than \$10 million. Among major icemen, box office employees have always had the longest tongs, which goes a long way toward explaining why they have always behaved with such freezing contempt toward the wretched public that lines up to buy ice-free tickets at the wicket. Brokers testified that they regularly delivered envelopes to box offices containing checks covering the list price of tickets plus agreed amounts of extra cash, usually about \$5 to \$7 for an orchestra seat.

Beyond the scalping stories, rats ratted on one another all over Lefkowitz' hearing room. Tales were told, for example, of one producer who cleared \$52,000 from a play whose investors lost \$32,000, and of another producer who sadly watched a sick production fail, costing its investors \$180,000 but somehow netting him \$11,000. Producers also own theaters and rent them to themselves. They hire themselves as "presagent" or "stage director" at fat salaries out of the basic investment. They sometimes make speculative investments of their own with investors' money. One producer even used part of the nut to buy himself a lobster boat.

Thou Shalt Not. The New York state legislature last April passed two bills making it a misdemeanor to take ice and requiring standard accounting procedures for all productions. Then last week the League of New York Theaters—which includes theater owners and producers—announced its own new codes of ethics covering ticket sales and production practices. In many instances the rules were more rigid than the state legislation.

The League has asked Lawyer John F. Wharton to serve as its commissioner, enforcing the new codes. The production code is a long list of thou-shalt-nots that inferentially describes all the sleazy habits of producers at the moment: it forbids them to commingle investors' money with their own personal funds; it requires them to keep books; it forbids them to take kickbacks; it says they have to notify investors if they rent their own property to the production.

The code on ice is simpler. In sum it says: no ice. Beyond the printed price of the ticket, \$1.50 is the legal maximum broker's fee. The code requires all brokers to make available to the league all records of sales, and brokers caught taking ice will lose their future ticket allocations. Of course, if all those fat-cat buyers from the plains insist on waving \$50 bills at ticket sellers, no one is likely to tattle on them, and some violations of the code can be expected. But if a cold-eyed broker tries to shake down a customer by demanding sums like that, the victim now has a commissioner to complain to.

Comediva

Off-Broadway's 41st Street Theater is about 25 ft. underground and is closer to Broadway than many so-called Broadway theaters. Hold on there, Ripley, don't go away. You should see the show that is currently playing there.

One woman—middle-aged, with a look that suggests the principal of a girls' day school—performs by herself for two hours. Her name is Anna Russell. Her show is called *All by Myself*, and the box office is selling tickets into August. She is a musical parodist and jokeratura who mocks every conceivable



Soloist RUSSELL

From the sect, a welderful wuncum.

able kind of composer, singer and singing style. Her audience comes in two varieties—devoted sectarians, who howl, giggle, and shake with uncontrollable mirth, and innocent theatergoers, who sit dumfounded.

Sexy Castanets. Posing as a ladies' club president, Anna Russell introduces a series of performers, all of whom turn out to be herself. "Deep down within every one of us there is something stagnant that is dormant," she says. Across the footlights, the sect guffaws. "I do want you to give our artist a welderful wuncum," she pleads. The sect shrieks.

As the artist, Russell puts on a choirboy's cape and sings a madrigal about death with her eyes crossed. Moments later she is a torch singer, plainting about *That Man* she loves:

*He comes home such a sorehead
When he's been on a spree.
Yet the eye in the middle of his
forehead*

Is beautiful to me.

With a plastic rose in her teeth, she is suddenly Carmen, doing the *Habana* as an English patter song, clicking castanets. "I have to get these adjusted," she says of the castanets. "One is male and the other female. To me, they look much alike, but perhaps you are more discerning than I am."

Warrior Hair. A strong woman with battement bones and swept-back warrior hair, Anna was born in London in 1911. Her family was a conservative phalanx of British army officers. In that stratum, "you resigned the regiment if you wanted to marry an actress," she says. No one wanted an actress daughter either, so Anna was trained as a serious musician. She did not turn to comedy and show business until she was 31. —

She writes all her own material, and the people who are attracted to it now are very often serious musicians. Pal cellists and fat sopranos sit in her audiences and variously twang and chorale. In London recently, after a performance in which she parodied the *Ring of the Nibelung*, the massed Valkyries of Covent Garden went round backstage and presented her with a bust of Wagner.



HENRY GOODMAN

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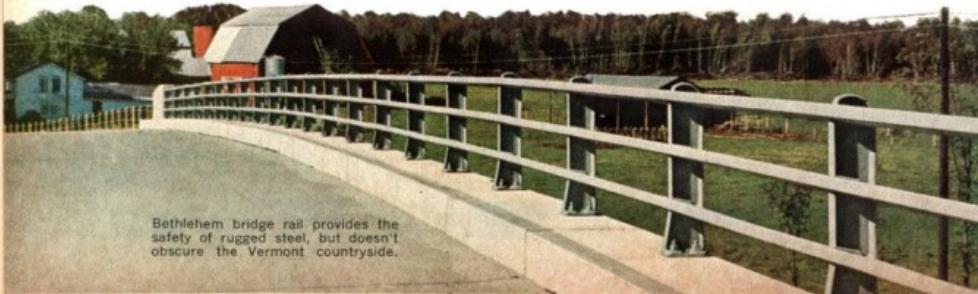
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ECOLOGY

Death Scent for Gypsies

The sight of a horde of gypsy-moth larvae defoliating a forest is one of the most urgent arguments for the use of modern pesticides. The ugly, hairy, 2-in. caterpillars eat every leaf in their path; the rustle of their ill-smelling droppings sounds like falling rain. But public apprehension about the possible dangers of chemical insect killers is now shielding the hungry worms from DDT and other long-lasting poisons. State and federal authorities are turning with some misgivings to less controversial means of protecting the forests.

This summer's anti-gypsy-moth campaign in New Jersey has sprayed 41,000 acres of infested forest with carbaryl, an insecticide that takes only hours to turn into inert residue. Carbaryl is therefore less effective than DDT, which stays on the foliage and kills caterpillars for weeks or months. Lest the cautious chemical fail to save the forests, New Jersey's moth fighters also plan to drop by airplane 100,000 cardboard traps baited with a synthetic sex scent to attract male gypsy moths. New Jersey conservationists hope that when caterpillars that survive spraying turn into mature moths the males will be seduced by the scented traps and taken out of circulation. The females will then go unfertilized, and there will be no new generation of Jersey gypsy moths.

ZOOLOGY

How the Camel Conquers Thirst

Mysteries about the camel and its thirst-resistance are older than the Sphinx—and almost as durable. Well into the modern age of science, men accepted the notion that the evil-tempered animal could store a two-week supply of water in its hump or in a great, cistern-like stomach. The hump theory was the first to be discarded as so much humph. What the camel carries on its back is a reserve of fatty tissue to be consumed when the rest of the camel runs out of fuel. The story about the parched Bedouin who slaughtered his favorite camel to drink the water in its stomach was far more tenacious. Not until the 1950s did zoologists puncture it as a romantic mirage.

Albumin in the Plasma. But for all the debunking dissections, the camel's thirst-quenching secret remained hidden. Then, a young Israeli veterinarian went to work on the ship of the desert. The answer, says Dr. Kalman Perk, 34, of Rehovot's Hebrew University, is in the camel's bloodstream. The plasma has an extraordinary high content of a kind of albumin, which enables the blood to retain its water and maintain its volume and fluidity even when the water in the camel's tissues has been markedly depleted.



GYPSY MOTH HEAD-ON



DEFOLIATED BRANCH

With the sound of falling rain.

When most animals are exposed to heat, they keep cool by sweating or panting. Not the camel. Its nappy coat insulates it against external temperatures, and it can withstand body temperatures of up to 104.9°F. before its sweat glands begin to function. As the camel is cooled by its evaporating sweat, it can lose up to 30% of its total body weight without harm because the water content in the blood plasma stays close to normal, permitting the blood to circulate freely. Camels loping in after a two-week journey across the sands are often in an extremely desiccated condition; once the thirsty animals reach water they may drink as much as 30 gallons in ten minutes. As they take in the water, the red cells in their bloodstream swell to as much as 240% of their normal size. In other animals, the cells hemolyze, or burst, causing death if their total volume is increased to more than 130%. In man the danger level is 165%.

Injected Rabbits. Dr. Perk has found that other animals that are native to hot, dry environments, such as Syrian Damascene cattle, share the camel's secret of survival and have higher albumin levels than other breeds. He has carried out successful experiments on rabbits in an effort to give them the camel's water-retaining capacity. Rabbits injected with camel albumin were kept for seven days without water in 104°F. heat, and lost only 3% or less of their body water; control rabbits not

given the injections lost from 5% to 10% and were close to death.

In hope of finding a way to make man more immune to desert heat, Dr. Perk plans to begin experimenting on human volunteers next summer. Meanwhile, there is evidence that some humans may already have some of the camel's thirst-conquering equipment. A Tel Aviv researcher has collected data showing that Yemenite Jews, traditional desert dwellers, have a significantly higher blood-albumin level than Jews of European lineage.

Sex by Sedimentation

Once scientists learned the technique of artificial insemination in both animals and humans, they seemed within possible reach of an exciting goal: selection of the sex of an infant before conception. But how to separate sperm that produce female offspring from those that produce males? Various methods, such as the use of electric fields or careful temperature control, produced only minimal results. Then, in India, Zoologist Bhairab Chandra Bhattacharya noticed that the upper portion of a sperm sample tended to breed more bulls; the lower portion gave more cows. Apparently this was because the sperm that produce female offspring are heavier than those that produce males and sank to the bottom of the solution.

To improve the process, Bhattacharya moved to the Max Planck Institute for Animal Breeding at Hagen, Germany, where he went to work under the direction of Zoologist Ghans Gottschewski. Using rabbits, which are not only cheaper than cattle but much quicker to breed, he inseminated thousands of does with sperm that had been allowed to settle under varying conditions. His early results were not promising, but after three years of experimentation he hit on a winning combination. He mixed rabbit sperm with egg yolk and glycol, and stirred the solution for twelve hours in a refrigerator at slightly above the freezing point to keep the sperm from swimming and allow them to separate by sedimentation. Then he used the sample to inseminate 176 rabbits. Those that got the upper portion produced 77.4% male offspring, while those impregnated with the lower portion produced 72% females. The middle portion gave a near-normal result: 55% males and 45% females. A control group of 182 rabbits inseminated with unsedimented sperm produced the standard fifty-fifty percentage of males and females.

No one except a rabbit cares much whether rabbits are male or female, but with dairy cattle, bred for their milk-producing ability, sex is a vital difference. Bhattacharya has now moved to a big cattle-breeding establishment in Schleswig-Holstein to find out whether his simple system can reduce the number of low-value male calves born to German dairy cows. Theoretically it should work the same for all mammals, including humans.

RELIGION

LUTHERANS

A Glass, Not a Chalice

ECUMENISM Toward Easier Mixed Marriage

"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," intoned the Rev. Claudius Miller, an Episcopal minister, at the wedding last month of Susan Ekberg, an Episcopalian, and Patrick C. Barker, a Roman Catholic. The words were from the Episcopal Book of Common Prayer, and the wedding took place at St. Genevieve du Bois Catholic Church near St. Louis. A Catholic priest officiated jointly with Father Miller, and Susan promised that she would bring her children up as Catholics.

This unique marriage took place with the blessing and approval of St. Louis' Joseph Cardinal Ritter and his good friend, Missouri's Episcopal Bishop

The Ekberg-Barker wedding was the first of its kind in the U.S., although similar experiments in ecumenical marriage ceremonies have taken place in the methodically unity-seeking Netherlands. Last April in Amsterdam, for example, a Dutch Jesuit and a Lutheran minister presided over the wedding of the minister's daughter to a Catholic boy in a Lutheran church. Dutch Catholic Bishop Willem Bekkers of 's-Hertogenbosch has twice allowed Reformed pastors to assist Catholic priests at mixed marriages; the couples promised only to bring up their children as "Christians."

Protestant Warnings. Such ecumenical experiments may well prove one way to end a continuing source of Catholic-Protestant conflict. Catholic canon law requires that the children of all mixed marriages be brought up as Catholics and that the Catholic partner work "prudently" for the conversion of his spouse. It does not even recognize the validity of any mixed marriage that is not celebrated before a priest. Despite such off-putting rules, roughly one-fourth of all Catholic marriages in the

DOD WALKER



WEDDING IN ST. LOUIS
Officiating: an Episcopal minister and a Catholic priest.

George Cadigan. Bishop Cadigan, who is close to the Ekberg family, interceded with the cardinal when Susan insisted on having a priest of her faith at the ceremony, and Father Miller helped work out a ceremony that used prayers from both the Catholic and Episcopal rites. At the wedding the Catholic priest, the Rev. Dom T. Leonard Jackson of St. Louis' Benedictine Priory, read the exhortation from the Roman ritual, blessed the ring, and officiated during the exchange of vows according to the Episcopal rite. Father Miller delivered an invocation, pronounced the couple man and wife, and recited over them the Prayer Book blessing.

Sarum Ceremony. All this was legal in Catholic eyes because Father Jackson was the official witness of the sacrament. And there was no problem about using the Prayer Book form of marriage; it in fact derives from the Sarum rite used in the pre-Reformation English church.

U.S. and Germany involve a non-Catholic partner—and there are thousands of other Catholics who, breaking canon law, marry Protestants before ministers. Many Protestant leaders, including the Church of Scotland Assembly and Germany's Evangelical Church hierarchy have warned against mixed marriages so long as the strict Catholic rules prevail.

A number of progressive Catholic bishops have asked Rome to change the rules on mixed marriages, and the fourth session of the Vatican Council will probably outline the norms to be allowed a pontifical commission of cardinals that is now revising canon law, last codified in 1918. The progressives argue that the marriage rules involve ecclesiastical rather than divine law, and that the sacrament is actually administered by the couple rather than the priest, who is merely an official witness. Thus there is no Catholic doctrinal bar against Catholics' marrying Protestants before non-Catholic clergy.

A major trend among Protestants is a denomination-crossing liturgical renewal that has restored much ceremony to Sunday services, and is elevating the sacrament toward equality with the preaching word. But to many churchgoers, the idea of candles, vestments and more frequent Communion still smacks of Romanism, and last week in Pittsburgh the nation's largest Lutheran church resolutely voted in favor of the low road in liturgy.

One key issue facing the 670 delegates to the biennial convention of the Lutheran Church in America (3,227,000 members) was a proposed new, uniform order of worship drawn up by eight of the nation's top Lutheran liturgists. They favored Holy Communion services at least every Sunday and the use of the chalice rather than prefilled individual Communion glasses. They also recommended that every church should have facilities for private confessions, and that Lutherans should be "increasingly urged to avail themselves of this spiritual habit."

All this was just too high church for the delegates, who resolved to stick with hygienically superior individual Communion glasses, changed all references to the minister as "celebrant" of Holy Communion to "officiant," and refused to encourage private confession. "I was taught that confession is to God," said Florida Layman Edgar Armstrong. "It isn't necessary to confess to anyone else to receive forgiveness if I am truly penitent."

In other actions of the week-long convention, the Lutherans:

► Elected the first Negro, New York Lawyer William Ellis, ever to serve on the church's executive council, backed a civil rights statement defending civil disobedience "if and when the means of legal recourse have been exhausted or are demonstrably inadequate."

► Grimly accepted the Supreme Court decisions banning school prayer and Bible reading, but warned that "they open an era in which Christianity is kept separate from the state in a way that would have been repugnant to the minds of our ancestors at the time the Constitution was written."

PROTESTANTS

The Third Man

"Ah God! If only Adam had eaten a pear!" So wrote the young Swiss Priest Ulrich Zwingli in the margin of a copy of St. Augustine's *City of God*. It was the half-quizzical, wholly anguished cry of a man bothered by the mystery of evil and man's sinfulness. Like Luther before him and Calvin afterwards, Zwingli discovered his solution in the unadorned Word of God, and not in the papal teachings of the corrupt, corrupting, 16th century Roman Church. Zwingli thus became the architect of

the Swiss Reformation. But he remains the least known of the great Protestant fathers. His story has now been told with sympathy and scholarship by Geneva Pastor-Historian Jean Rilliet, in *Zwingli: Third Man of the Reformation* (Westminster; \$6).

Born in 1484, Zwingli studied at the universities of Basel and Vienna before his ordination. In an age of semiliterate priests, he managed to combine his duties as a country pastor at Glarus with genuine scholarship: he had a library of 350 volumes, studied the Scriptures in Greek and Hebrew, corresponded with the great Renaissance humanist Erasmus.

From the first, Zwingli found celibacy difficult. In 1515, nine years after his ordination, he took a private vow of chastity—which he kept for only a year and a day. But in the casual atmosphere of the Swiss Church, Zwingli's sin was no bar to advancement, and in 1519 the canons of Zurich Minster appointed him preacher of the cathedral; his chief rival for the post was a German priest who admitted to fathering six children.

Revolt of the Sausages. Luther's Reformation began with a protest against the sale of indulgences. The Swiss revolt broke into the open over two sausages: Zwingli attacked the "unscriptural" practice of fasting after some reform-minded friends were denounced to the Zurich magistrates for eating meat during Lent. Later, Zwingli preached against other Roman disciplines—celibacy, the doctrine of purgatory, invocation of saints—on grounds that they are not authorized by the Bible. In 1524 the town council methodically began to put into effect Zwingli's reformation, outlined in his 67 theses. Statues and crucifixes were stripped from the churches, and by 1525 his German service of the Lord's Supper had replaced the Latin Mass.

With the zeal of a Savonarola, Zwingli

tried to legislate Zurich into a facsimile of God's kingdom on earth. The town council passed stern laws against adultery and fornication and made attendance at Sunday services compulsory. But Zurich was an ideal community only for those who saw things Zwingli's way. Catholics were fined and were forbidden to run for elective offices, and Zwingli approved exile and execution for Anabaptist heretics who wanted a more radical reformation than he allowed.

Zwingli's followers spread his Reformation doctrines through northern Switzerland and into Germany, where they came into contact and conflict with Lutheranism. With Luther, Zwingli believed in justification by faith, the supremacy of Scripture, and predestination of the elect, but the two quarreled bitterly over the meaning of the Eucharist. Luther believed in the real presence of Christ in the bread and wine of Communion; Zwingli argued that the Lord's Supper was only a memorial to the Saviour's redeeming sacrifice. In 1529, friends brought the two men together for a confrontation at Marburg. It did little good. "Your arguments are weak," thundered Luther. "Abandon them and give glory to God." Answered Zwingli: "We too ask you to give glory to God and abandon your begging of the question." Later, Luther declared that Zwingli was in league with the devil.

Fighting Prophet. As Zurich's spiritual dictator, Zwingli matured into a shrewd, power-conscious diplomat who tried to forge an international alliance against the Catholic Swiss cantons. When their armies attacked the Zurich forces in 1531, he buckled on sword and armor to serve as a fighting chaplain at the battle of Kappel. There, mortally wounded, he was captured and killed by the Catholics. His body was quartered by a hangman, smeared with dung and burned.

More a polemicist than a systematic theologian, Zwingli wrote an earthy, lucid prose that is rarely read today except by scholars. But his influence is nonetheless wide. He helped create the Reformed Church doctrine ultimately perfected by John Calvin, who imitated Zwingli in attempting to set up a theocratic city of God at Geneva. "Zwingli was no stained-glass-window saint," writes Pastor Rilliet, but he made "the unremitting search for God the ruling motive of his life."

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Uganda's Black Saints

Saints may live and die for the love of God, but the Roman Catholic Church sometimes canonizes them to reward the Christian loyalty of a country's faithful or to make some moral point. Last week the Vatican expressed its interest in the African church and its opposition to racism by announcing that in October, Pope Paul VI would proclaim as saints



THE 22 MARTYRS
Speared, beheaded and burned.

22 Bantu converts from Uganda who were martyred between 1885 and 1887.

The Uganda martyrs are the largest group of lay saints ever canonized by the Catholic Church at one time and the first Bantu Africans publicly honored by the church.[†] About half of the martyrs—some known only by their first names—were youthful pages in the court of Buganda's pagan King Mwanga, and were speared to death after they refused his homosexual advances. The other saints include Bugandan nobles, a potter and a shipbuilder, who were burned or beheaded when they refused to revert from Christianity to spirit-worship. In all, about 200 Catholic and Protestant converts died for Christianity during Mwanga's persecution; the missionary order of White Fathers, who converted the Ugandans to Catholicism, promoted the cause of only those whose martyrdom was unquestionably due to religion.

The Uganda martyrs were beatified by Pope Benedict XV in 1920, achieved elevation to sainthood when the Sacred Congregation of Rites accepted as miraculous two cures from pulmonary plague attributed to their intercession. A shrine has been erected at Namugongo, near the site of their martyrdom, and Uganda today has become one of the strongest outposts in Africa. About 2,000,000 Ugandans are Roman Catholic, and three of the country's eight dioceses are governed by black bishops, one a descendant of an Uganda martyr.

* Painted in Uganda in 1962 by Swiss Artist Albert Wilder.

† Among other black saints: a 4th century Ethiopian bishop named Moses; Benedict the Moor, a 16th century Franciscan whose parents were African slaves; and the Dominican lay brother Martin de Porres (1569-1639), a Peruvian mulatto canonized in 1962.



ZWINGLI'S DEATH AT KAPPEL
Captured, quartered and smeared.

ART

THE MARKET

Goodbye Paris, Hello New York

For a fortnight, French newspapers and art journals have been sputtering with rage. The ostensible rub, as summed up in the Paris newspaper *Liberation*, is that "a clique of dealers from overseas has, with the defiance of a bulldozer and the discretion of an atomic bomb, given the Venice Biennale's most authoritative prize to the 'made-in-U.S.A.' stuff one calls 'pop art.' France won not a single prize of any importance. So much the better. French art has nothing in common with this trash." Hotheaded *Les Lettres Francaises*: AMERICAN OFFENSIVE AGAINST THE SCHOOL OF PARIS—

MUSÉE DES BEAUX-ARTS DE ROUEN



SOCIETY AT ART SHOW, 1911 (BY GRÜN)
From heyday to holiday resort.

THE FAKE DADAIST ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG CROWNED IN TITIAN'S HOMELAND. *Le Figaro* held its nose at THE GREAT POP ART MANEUVER; AN ATMOSPHERE OF THE APOCALYPSE.

So much heat, obviously, had to come from more than a mere biennale. And although it may have been indiscreet of him, the U.S.'s commissioner to the Venice festival, Alan Solomon, diagnosed the real embarrassment: "The fact that the world art center has shifted from Paris to New York is acknowledged on every hand."

A Place of Entertainment. To have an American say that was infuriating to the French—and to have a Paris art dealer agree raised the chilling probability that it is true. As he closed down his Paris gallery permanently on July 1, Daniel Cordier circulated a letter that scathingly measured Paris' decline. "The dimensions of this city," he wrote, "are not compatible with the scale of modern civilization; it has become a holiday resort, a place of entertainment, and is becoming less and less a center of creative activity. In order to interpret our period, an artist has to be familiar

with its realities, its sensibility. These can be felt better and more intensely in New York."

The gradual shift of world art centers from Paris to New York is not new; only the angry French cultural double take is. The shift began in 1956, when Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art sent abroad a show that introduced Pollock, De Kooning, Kline and abstract expressionism to England and the Continent. European critics at once recognized that the postwar New York school had the innovative strength, technical skill and independent-minded vision to go its own way without regard for the school of Paris—which, since the cubism, surrealism and dadaism of the first quarter of the 20th century, has contributed nothing conspicuously new.

Anxiety & Affluence. Not only has Paris slipped creatively, but it has also declined as a market. Play-safe French collectors never bought modern art, even French impressionists, on a big scale; and Paris art dealers always counted on Americans to buy moderns. Now that first-rate moderns are created in New York, Americans—and many Europeans—buy them in New York. Moreover, as Cordier says, "the art market is particularly sensitive to fluctuations in the stock market," and the Paris Bourse failed to recover from the 1962 slump as strongly as the New York stock market.

"Although the French congratulate themselves on carrying the torch of civilization, there is a lack of interest in art," says Lawrence Alloway, curator of the Guggenheim Museum. "The attendance for the entire run of the recent Dubuffet show in Paris—granted that it was not at the height of the season—was 8,000 to 9,000. Here at the Guggenheim, we have that many people on a single Sunday." Alloway believes that "schools of painting flourish under anxiety and affluence," and New York has both. But Manhattan Critic Harold Rosenberg argues that on balance, "the concept of a world art capital is obsolete. Art flourishes in New York because New York is a kind of global city, a kind of momentary focus of global art which exists everywhere. There are historical analogies to show that there have been places where everything was working and suddenly all the life went out of it. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth.' We can't make predictions about inner qualities."

* But London tenaciously holds first place as the big-money auction market. Sotheby's of London, long intent on extending to New York its primacy in art sales, is this week trying to acquire Manhattan's top-ranking Parke-Bernet Galleries. Christie's, London's other major house, plans to stage what will probably be the biggest auction ever (estimated proceeds: up to \$5,600,000) when it sells off the late Captain George Spencer-Churchill's fabulous Northwick art collection of 500 old masters next December.

EXHIBITIONS

7 Millenniums Under One Roof

"The last 6,000 years of human history are most interesting," Alfred North Whitehead once remarked to a dinner companion. If the philosopher could have attended the current exhibition at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., he would have had to increase his span by a millennium. The Archaeological Museum of Teheran and a major private Iranian collection have been spilled open to provide the U.S. with a show of 735 objects, many of them only recently discovered, from 7,000 years of Persian art.

The thriving cities where the art was fashioned—Marlik, Shapur, Kashan, Nishapur, Tepe Hissar—have crumbled into oblivion. The fabled rulers and scourges of Persia—Cyrus the Great, Darius the Great, Alexander the Great, Genghis Khan—are dust. But a woman's bronze bracelet, a golden goblet, a statue of an ibex with circled horns remain to testify to the enduring victory that art wins over time.

Totemic Alliances. The earlier millennia are dominated by goldsmiths, silversmiths, pottery makers, and bronze-casters, the latter by workers in glass. Many of the objects glitter with elegance and beauty, partly because they were intended for royal use and partly because the Iranian artists knew the value of refracting light. By using curved and slanted surfaces they could make a gold drinking cup glint and dazzle from every angle.

One motif of the show is the easy interplay between man and beast, myth and daily life. The winged bulls and lions on vases and breastplates represent totemic alliances by which ancient man sought to acquire the power of the strongest beasts to fend off the evil forces around him. But in their arresting reality, these beasts bear themselves like demigods, not mere animals.

Also a Rug. Sometimes the artists aimed at subtler, more evocative effects. A pitcher will have a gracefully elongated spout that suggests the head and neck of a crane. Undulating snakes represent water, the perennial need of hot, parched lands. While the Iranian artists frequently represented animals naturalistically, they occasionally resorted to a kind of symbolic shorthand that foreshadows the geometric forms of modern art, using circles for eyes, U-shaped mouths and heart-shaped ears. The millennial parade culminates, fittingly if inevitably, with a sumptuous 16th century Persian rug, the art object that has been one of the world's household words in all recent centuries.

The show at the National Gallery ends July 19, but Washington is sharing its Iranian treasures with seven other cities. First stop will be Denver, starting August 8; then the show will go to Kansas City, Houston, Cleveland, Boston, San Francisco and Los Angeles, stopping six weeks in each city.

precious objects from persia's past



SILVER PLATE shows 3rd century king mounted backwards as he shoots down a couple of lions.



ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, TEHRAN



BULLS, a favored Persian image, and gods in chariots rise in relief from 3,000-year-old gold bowl

and beaker. Gazelle-head goblet and rings with gold-mesh hand jewelry are from later periods.

BLUE GLASS VASE in legend caught tears of ladies; more likely it held rose water in an 18th century palace boudoir.

COLLECTION FOROUHAR, TEHRAN



ARCHEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, TEHRAN



LION-HEADED bronze animal was used as incense burner, has profusely etched detail among perforations.

ARCHEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, TEHRAN

COLLECTION FARSAWI, ARCHEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, TEHRAN



PREHISTORIC POTTERY made in shape of animals was widely used in everyday life. Spouts formed

by mouths of humped ox (*left*) and buffalo (*right*) and in back of goat indicate vessels held liquids.

MUSIC

SINGERS

The Greatest Pretender

"File Under: Wilson, Female Vocal" advises the fine print on Nancy Wilson's newest album, *Today, Tomorrow, Forever*. A timely cross reference might be added: "See Fitzgerald, Ella, Heir Apparent To."

The files under Female Vocal are bulging with singers who were once likely pretenders to the "First Lady of Song" title held these many years by the incomparable Ella. At 27, with three LPs high on the bestseller charts and a rapidly burgeoning following, Nancy Wilson figures to be the greatest pretender for a long time to come. At her opening at Los Angeles' Coconut Grove last week, the crowd of 1,000 voted her everything but the deed and title to the place.

In the "great tradition" of blues, torch and jazz singers that began with Billie Holiday, Nancy Wilson leans toward the left wing, where pop meets jazz, a translator of popular standards into the jazz idiom. Her repertory is a treatise on variety and taste, spun by a voice of agile grace and knowing jazz inflection and phrasing. Yet heard in person, she poses a problem. Willow, tawny, perfectly featured and somehow kissed by ice, she seems sometimes too beautiful for the consistently fey interpretation she gives to the lyrics of her songs.

But she has come a long way in a very short time, and very likely will be nonpareil in a few more years. The daughter of a factory worker, she was born in Chillicothe, Ohio, had her own local television program in Columbus by the time she was 15, singing pop tunes by telephone request. Four years

JULIAN WASSER



NANCY WILSON
Both cool and sweet.



VICTOR'S ORIGINAL "SCHEHERAZADE"



VICTROLA'S REISSUE

Good and some better.

later, she joined Rusty Bryant's band, toured with it for 2½ years. But it was not until Saxophonist Cannonball Adderley introduced her to the New York jazz scene that she scrapped her scooby-dooing gimmickry for her present artfully derivative jazz style. She is, all at once, both cool and sweet, both singer and storyteller. These attributes should be enough to sustain her to the day when, if ever, the First Lady decides to step down.

RECORDS

Cut-Rate Classics

In the modern supermarket, the hapless shopper is besieged at every turn by labels of BARGAIN BONANZA! slapped on everything from Brussels sprouts to lawnmowers—and, of late, records. In the past, the quality-cautious shopper could rightfully assume that those cut-rate LPs racked next to the vegetable bins were, from a musical standpoint, about as choice a bargain as last week's Bibb lettuce. Recently, however, several giants of the recording industry have launched new lines of low-cost (from \$1.98 to \$3) classical records that are honest-to-goodness bargains. Designed for distribution in supermarkets and drugstores as well as record shops, many of these cut-rate classics are as good as and in some cases better than albums being peddled at two and three times the price.

Freshly Pressed. Although the catalogues and record jackets discreetly avoid mentioning the fact, these new records "for budget-conscious connoisseurs" are mostly freshly pressed reissues of classical standards cut before 1960. In a fiercely competitive market where the consumer is conditioned to demanding the newest rather than the best Beethoven *Fifth*, say, the life expectancy of many a first-rate classical LP has been growing shorter every year. Fifteen years ago, Schwann's LP catalogue listed 489 classical titles offered by eleven recording companies. Today there are some 14,000 classical titles available from 118 companies, which are spinning out 300 or more new releases each month. In the avalanche, touched off in part by the boom of stereo, close to 6,000 classical LPs have

been discontinued and swept into oblivion in the past four years.

London Records was the first to exhume a number of its buried treasures, reissuing under the Richmond label such gems as George Szell conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra in Brahms's *Third Symphony* and the Mozart *Requiem* conducted by Josef Krips at the bargain-basement price of just \$1.98 per record (formerly \$4.98). Sales were brisk, so London reissued ten operas, including Renata Tebaldi in *La Bohème* and *Madama Butterfly*. Mercury followed London's lead, establishing its Wing label, featuring such surefire favorites as suites from Tchaikovsky's *Sleeping Beauty*, *Nutcracker* and *Swan Lake* (\$1.98 for mono, \$2.98 for stereo), ably rendered by Antal Dorati and the Minneapolis Symphony.

Since then, Capitol, Victor and Vanguard have charged into the market. Capitol dubbed its revivals Paperback Classics (\$1.98 for mono, \$2.98 for stereo). Among the highlights are a rousing Brahms *First Symphony* with William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony, and brace of Beethoven piano sonatas, the "Appassionata" and "Waldstein," masterfully played by Pianists John Browning and Rudolf Firkusny respectively.

Just the Answer, Victor, which hauled out its venerable old Victrola label to kick off its new line, offers a rich lode of glittering bargains (\$2.50 for each mono LP, \$3 for stereo). Among them: Puccini's *Tosca* with Soprano Zinka Milanov; Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique* with Pierre Monteux and the Boston Symphony; and Brahms's *Concerto No. 2* with Russian Pianist Emil Gilels backed by Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony. Vanguard Records' new line, Everyman, includes a fine performance of Haydn's *Creation*, conducted by Mogens Wöldike.

While a few audio purists might quibble over the fidelity of some of the vintage vinyls, the quality is more than satisfactory for the average listener. For the man with a new hi-fi rig who is looking to build the nucleus of a good standard record library without having to hock his children, the 200-plus selections available in cut-rate classics are just the answer.

THE LAW

LAWYERS

Cram, Cram, Cram

The law's last vestige of ordeal by fire is a legal torture called the bar exam. In New York, for example, it is a 14-hour grind that requires coping with 40,000 facts in order to solve 192 legal conundrums of which the simplest might be: Is a promise made by A to B and C, to induce them not to rescind their contract, enforceable by B and C against A?

Mastering the particular rules of a particular state has habitually been the key of admission to the bar of that state. Yet most U.S. law schools shun rote rule learning in favor of broad theory

by U.S.C. Law Professor G. Richard Wicks, the California Bar Review (or "Wicks Course") is now attended by 1,200 of the 1,600 law graduates cramming for next month's California bar exam—a three-day inquisition spanning 16 subjects, some of them not taught in top law schools. The ten-man Wicks faculty claims to cover the equivalent of an entire law-school year in eleven weeks, during which students plod through 50 lbs. of course outlines. In addition to these labors, worried crammers often spend Sunday supplementing Wicks with a \$125 exam-writing course run by a Los Angeles lawyer named Beverly Rubens, who soothes her charges by chirping that after they

JULIAN WASSEK



CALIFORNIA BAR REVIEW CLASS IN LOS ANGELES
To aid the confused, a Pacific cat.

and legal reasoning. The great schools are the most detached. Bright Harvard men, steeped though they are in constitutional law, do not necessarily do any better on bar exams than graduates of less prestigious schools that teach more local law. Last summer 73% of Harvard's candidates (and 65% of all candidates) passed the New York exam, as did 73% from Fordham.

50 Lbs. of Law. This is the situation that sparks the law graduate's summer mania: weeks of rule-stuffing at cram schools in preparation for the twice-yearly bar exams typically given in late summer and winter. Run by lawyers, judges and professors, cram schools are often big business. Before becoming a federal judge, New York Lawyer Harold Medina crammed 800 students for \$28,000 a year. Medina's heir, New York's nonprofit Practising Law Institute, is now the biggest cram school, with three yearly sessions enrolling 1,800. At \$75 tuition, it is also one of the cheapest. By contrast, the California Bar Review Course charges \$175 and grosses more than \$400,000 a year.

Started ten years ago in Los Angeles

pass the exam, "you'll have your new briefcase and dark blue suit, and who will I be to you? Just another woman lawyer."

IRAC & Preachers. Unlike law schools, which minimize memorizing in order to stir thought, cram schools are devoted to organizing the student's knowledge with forced-draft methods. Chicago's ebullient crammer, Thomas J. Harty, spends seven hours a day firing off questions, listening to the class consensus, then firing back the correct answers. The method works so well that one year 92% of his students passed the Illinois bar exam. Denver's Gerald Kopel, a former newsman-turned-lawyer, crams his students by simulating actual exams and blasting bad spellers for such barbarisms as *adultery, divorce, drunkenness*. Austin Lawyer Arthur ("The Garrulous Greek") Mitchell, who claims to have crammed half the lawyers in Texas, dramatizes the "life" in the law. "I tell them the law is comical, the law is tragic, the law is real," says Mitchell. "The things that happen in law are things that happen to people."

Acronyms are favorite cramming tools. Wicks students use IRAC (Issue,

Rule, Application, Conclusion) to crack almost any exam question. A whole year's law-school course in contracts is reduced to PACIFIC CAT DID, each letter standing for a critical legal factor—P for parties, A for assent, C for consideration, and so forth. At New York's Practising Law Institute, cases in which a published and mailed notice suffices to get service in a civil suit, are summed up in MINISTER—Matrimonial actions, *In rem* property actions, Nonresidents, Incompetents and infants, Stockholders, Traveling residents, Extended statute of limitations and Resident fraud.

Necessary Evil. None of this preparation prevents some exam takers from ludicrous answers. But in most cases the schools serve the bar examiners' semi-demand—when one Tennessee law dean calls "a Pavlov dog reaction." Says he: "It would be horrible if universities taught people how to pass law exams. We should teach people how to think and act like lawyers, not how to memorize cases." Many bar examiners are now steering toward that standard. But most law schools and bar examiners are still so far apart that the only way for law students to travel from one to the other is via the "necessary evil" of cram schools.

PUBLIC SAFETY

Are Hatpins Enough?

Worried about muggers and other molestors, a pretty Manhattan secretary named Arlene Del Fava armed herself with a switchblade knife. She was just in time. While walking home a fortnight ago, she was attacked by a man who, she suspected, was a rapist, and she fought him off with her knife. Result: the police arrested him—and her. Reason: New York's stiff Sullivan Law bans switchblade knives. Up for trial this week, Victim Del Fava, 27, faces a maximum penalty of seven years in jail and a \$1,000 fine.

Whatever her fate—and in a city warmly sympathetic to her plight, it is not likely to be harsh—Arlene Del Fava's arrest stirred angry questions about the kind of weapons, if any, that ordinary citizens may carry for self-protection. Quite apart from whether most efforts at self-defense are even legal (TIME, June 26), the answers depend on a wide variety of confusing weapons laws all over the U.S.

In Miami, Los Angeles and Washington, D.C., any law-abiding citizen can freely buy a pistol and stash it at home. But carrying it on one's person, even openly in a holster, requires a permit that police rarely issue. Not more than 20 Washingtonians are so licensed. Many states ban almost any "concealed" weapon, including blackjack, brass knuckles and even slingshots. Although tear-gas Pen-guns are legal in most states, the notable exceptions of New York, Illinois and California cover the nation's biggest, most perilous cities. It is often illegal to carry even a water

* Answer: Of course.



N.Y. DAILY NEWS

SELF-DEFENDER DEL FAVA
For the victim, arrest.

pistol loaded with some eye-stinging chemical like ammonia.

Oddly enough, Arlene Del Fava would have gone scot-free had she packed a hunting, carving or penknife—any type other than a switchblade or gravity knife, which snap open at the flick of a wrist. If the owner can prove lack of illegal intent, New York's Sullivan Law allows possession of dirks, daggers, razors or stilettos. But the law, which has no visible effects on criminals, requires hard-to-get police permits for pistols, even when they are kept at home. Flatly forbidden is the mere possession of any billy, blackjack, bludgeon, bomb, bombshell, firearm silencer, machine gun, metal knuckles, sandbag, sandclub or "slungshot" (slingshot). The arsenal is so well-stocked that choice is inevitably confusing. Arlene Del Fava, along with many another New Yorker, has decided that from now on there is only one side arm that will keep her safe from both cops and robbers—a hatpin like grandmother used to carry."

THE COURTS

Tropic of Illinois

Having "carefully and delicately" read Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*, the Illinois Supreme Court last month declared the book obscene—"a series of revolting sexual encounters described in the most filthy and obscene language imaginable." The court also gave the back of its hand to Nightclub Comedian Lenny Bruce, upholding an obscenity charge on the grounds of his "morbid interest in sex." Last week the court said oops, and in a rare move withdrew both opinions. Reason: the U.S. Supreme Court had meanwhile reversed a Florida ban against *Tropic* and narrowed its view of what constitutes obscenity (*TIME*, July 10). So like all good judges, whatever their personal opinion, those in Illinois followed the nation's legal leaders.

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW

How to Change Laws You Don't Like

"It is the law," said Louisiana's Democratic Senator Allen J. Ellender of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 that he had opposed so stubbornly. Any Southern resistance, Ellender warned, "must be within the framework of the orderly processes established by law." Any other course "is foolhardy and indefensible," including the doctrine of civil disobedience, which has "no more credence now than it did before."

From a long-time segregationist, that was a statement of stunning reasonableness. Every thoughtful lawyer, whatever his stand on the race problem, is disquieted by civil disobedience, even in the name of what Martin Luther King calls "the moral law or the law of God." To lawyers, divine code is too vague for the earthly task of preserving peace and good order here and now. Were all men free to act out their individual "consciences"—as diehard segregationists still insist—victory would simply go to those with the most power, the most guns. By contrast, the rule of law provides enforceable standards—and machinery to change them.

Guerrilla Warfare. Those lawyers who condone civil disobedience do so on very narrow grounds. Civil disobedience is "just" only when all legal redress has been closed—position taken last week by the Lutheran Church in America at its biennial convention in Pittsburgh. "If and when the means of legal recourse have been exhausted or have been demonstrably inadequate," resolved the church, "Christians may then choose to serve the cause of racial justice by disobeying a law that clearly involves the violation of their obligations as Christians."

Even so, the burden of moral proof is heavily on the disobedient to show good faith by nonviolence, meaningful protest and willingness to accept the penalty for their actions. And the basic aim is always the same as regular litigation—to get the challenged law tested by the orderly processes of law.

It is one thing to hold such meaningful protests as restaurant sit-ins, challenging laws that may never be tested in court until they are violated. It is quite another thing to hold indiscriminate demonstrations, such as highway stall-ins, that merely protest grievances in general. Such actions are simply guerrilla warfare. Alabama's Governor Wallace, when he "stood in the schoolhouse door" at Tuscaloosa, was acting not only in defiance of a court order, but after the validity of desegregation orders had already been thoroughly established in the courts.

Standing & Ripe. Getting unjust laws repealed in the legislature is infinitely more desirable than "just" civil disobedience. But if political persuasion fails, how to change a law in the courts? Article III of the Constitution empow-

ers the federal judiciary to hear "cases" and "controversies," and though the courts can reject many kinds of cases, they are unlikely to turn down any genuine conflicts involving practical consequences that demand constitutional interpretation.

Those who challenge a law must have "standing" or personal involvement in the conflict. If a man disputes public school prayers, for example, he has standing only if his own children are affected. If his children are not yet involved in the prayers, or have already left the school, his standing is insufficient to build a case. Further, his case must have "ripeness," meaning that he must be able to show real injury at the time he sues. If the school board is only thinking about starting prayers, the case is not yet ripe.

\$11 Million Loss. In the first major test of the new Civil Rights Act, the lily-white Heart of Atlanta Motel has just sued the U.S. and Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy with a claim that probably has sufficient conflict, standing and ripeness. Along with seeking a declaratory judgment (court opinion on the law's validity), the motel's lawyer-president, Moreton Rolleston Jr., asked for an injunction to prevent Kennedy from enforcing the act on the ground that it violates the Fifth Amendment's guarantees of due process and just compensation for private property taken for public use. Claimed damages: \$1,000,000 for deprivation of property rights (lost business if Negroes register) and \$10 million for Rolleston's alleged loss of "liberty" to refuse service.

Rolleston's prospects of winning seem bright. For one thing, he is fighting a law that got the most painstaking constitutional examination by a lawyer-dominated Congress sworn to uphold the Constitution just as fervently as the Supreme Court. What is nonetheless admirable is Rolleston's decision to test the law in court rather than to break it simply because he dislikes it. If his action sets a new tone for Southern resistance, it is good news for U.S. law.



SELF-CHAINED PICKETS IN NEW YORK
For discrimination, indiscrimination.

MEDICINE

DIAGNOSIS

Scanning the Lungs For Blood Clots

Whenever a large blood clot blocks the artery leading from the heart to the lungs, the result is so dramatic and catastrophic—in many cases, fatal—that doctors find the difficulty relatively easy to diagnose. But small clots that block some of the smaller arterial branches are far more common than



RADIOLOGIST TAPLIN
Light up the roadblocks.

such massive pulmonary embolisms. The trouble is, they are so hard to detect that the true nature of the illness is often missed. Patients complain of shortness of breath, they faint frequently, and they may collapse after exertion, leaving their doctors baffled. Now, atomic medicine is coming to the aid of chest physicians and embolism patients with an ingenious and relatively simple diagnostic procedure.

The clots do not show clearly on X rays, and neither do the dead areas of lung surface beyond them. But Dr. George V. Taplin of U.C.L.A. figured that he could spot them with a radioactive substance, which after injection into the veins would pile up at the arterial roadblocks while flowing freely through normal blood vessels. The next problem was to find a radioactive chemical that would do the job, and then disappear harmlessly—preferably a substance that occurs naturally in the human body.

24-Hour Flush. Working with the radiopharmaceutical division of E. R. Squibb & Sons, Dr. Taplin found what he wanted: human albumin, but in a special form made up of large molecules too big to pass through the lungs' blood filters, and faced with radioactive iodine. Dr. Taplin proved in dogs that these macro-molecules would jam up

in the clot-closed arteries, stay there long enough to take their own picture on an X-ray plate, then break up into the normal, small-molecule form of albumin and pass into the bloodstream.

Dr. Henry N. Wagner Jr. of Johns Hopkins Hospital became the first human guinea pig to try the "Albumotope" injection on himself. He has since used it, with iodine 131, to get revealing scintillation-scan pictures of 225 patients, with no ill effects. Dr. Taplin himself has now used the technique for more than 150 patients. He employs iodine 125. The safety of the method is attested by the fact that the radiation dose each patient receives is much less than he would get from special chest X rays for this purpose. And the minute amount of radioactive iodine is flushed out of his body within 24 hours.

What to Do. Once they have an accurate diagnosis, doctors can decide what the patient needs. In the severest cases, surgery with the heart-lung machine is called for; in others, oxygen to tide patients over a crisis. But for most victims, drugs are enough: heparin to guard against the formation of new clots, norepinephrine to keep up the blood pressure. Dr. Wagner has high hopes for a new enzyme to dissolve old clots.

TRANSPLANTS

Questions of the Heart

History's first transplant of a heart, from a chimpanzee to a dying man (TIME, Jan. 31), was a significant surgical achievement. But the difficulties that surrounded the operation, say University of Mississippi Surgeon James D. Hardy and his colleagues, were more than problems of cutting and suturing. What bothered the doctors as much as anything else, they report in the A.M.A. Journal, were matters of timing and questions of ethics.

The doctors knew well in advance that they wanted a human heart for a transplant. They figured that one could be taken from a relatively young patient dying of brain damage, and that it could be placed in a man dying of incurable heart-muscle failure. But how were they to find the proper brain patient dying just when the proper heart patient was waiting?

Kill a Patient? The doctors thought that in their small hospital they were likely to have many more suitable recipients than donors. But they were wrong. Three men were admitted to the medical center in Jackson with incurable brain injuries—one from a fall, one from a tumor, and one from a suicidal gunshot wound. Each of the doomed men was kept alive for a while by artificial breathing apparatus, and any one of them might have been a suitable donor if there had been an equally suitable recipient handy. But even if they had had a dying heart pa-

tient on whom to try a transplant, Dr. Hardy and his team felt that switching off the artificial respiration to let a man die before removing his heart seemed too much like killing a patient. Say Dr. Hardy and his colleagues: "We were not able to conclude that we would be willing to do this."

Even the selection of a patient to receive a heart transplant brought problems. The doctors planned to pick a man whose heart failure had progressed to the point where they considered irreversible, so that nothing could save him but a new heart. But they had underestimated the amazing powers of recovery that even a damaged heart possesses. About the time they were ready to try a transplant, a man was admitted to their hospital, apparently dying after a heart attack. He astonished the doctors by getting well enough to go home. Clearly, it would have been wrong to offer a transplant in his case—but this became evident only after his recovery.

Turn to the Chimp. Eventually, the surgeons and physicians decided that unless they were willing to take the question of life or death in their own hands and shut off the artificial breathing of a potential donor, it was "exceedingly unlikely" that such a man would die at just the right time, while a waiting heart patient was being kept alive on the heart-lung machine.

When they finally got a patient unquestionably in need of a heart transplant, they turned to the chimpanzee as a source. The chimp's heart proved too small for the patient, who was a big man, and the transplant failed after a couple of hours. The Mississippi doctors say they learned enough about the surgical techniques involved to convince them that "this operation may some day add years of life to many patients." But the process of learning has only pointed up the problems that are still far from solution—the ethical questions and the matter of timing.

JUICE R. WILSON



SURGEON HARDY
Switch off the machine?



What will John Burr do today?

1. Save his firm a million dollars?
2. Work on a book about tracer applications in organic chemistry?
3. Grab a jet and address a conference in Kyoto?
4. Consult with engineers on radiolysis of cyclohexane in the presence of benzene?
5. Advise the firm's Geneva representative by phone?
6. Study a paper on ultrasonic attenuation by chemical reaction?
7. Discuss an esoteric molecular structure?
8. Lecture on structural chemistry in a university classroom?
9. Explore the interaction of ionizing radiation with organic materials?
10. Or just gaze out the window and think?

It's difficult to say what John will do today. His career permits exceptional latitude.

John G. Burr—BS, MS, Ph.D—is typical of more than half-a-hundred scientists actively engaged in fundamental research at the North American Aviation Science Center. Here, inquisitive men like John conduct theoretical and experimental work at the forefront of their chosen scientific disciplines. North American provides

them with an environment designed to stimulate their natural scientific creativity.

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ponder the extraction of economical electrical energy from the inferno of the atomic reactor; others assist in the science underlying microminiaturization in solid state electronic systems.

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MODERN LIVING



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JEFFERSON MEMORIAL PARK TODAY

Out of the skids and on to a renaissance.

CITIES

To the Brink & Back

Sprawled along the banks of the Mississippi, St. Louis funneled the emigration of half a nation toward the Western reaches of the U.S. Paragon of productive diversity, the city turns out candy and caskets, chemicals and containers, animal feed and jet aircraft. Its International Shoe Co. is the nation's biggest shoemaker, Budweiser the biggest brewer. It is the nation's second largest rail center. It served the first hot dog and the first ice-cream cone, was the site of the first balloon race. The corn cob pipe was invented there. The first operation to remove a man's lung was performed there.

But more important for modern St. Louis are still two other facts of its past and present: seldom has a U.S. city come closer to the brink of civic disaster, and seldom has a city worked harder or more successfully to recover.

"Such a Dump." "After World War I," wrote Ernest Kirschbaum in his book *Catfish and Crystal*, "St. Louis dozed off. Maybe it was tired. Maybe Prohibition was not only shock but also a sedative to this beer city. Depression was no stimulant. More than ever, St. Louis turned in on itself, contemplated its communal navel."

A wave of immigrants swept into the city while disgruntled middle- and high-income burghers fled into the surrounding county suburbs. Gracious mansions became tenements. By 1952, the city was one-quarter slum, another quarter near slum. No new office buildings had been put up in 25 years. Industry pulled out in wholesale lots. Property values and business activity plunged. "You might ask," wrote English Author Geoffrey Grigson in 1951, "why anyone would be proud of such a dump."

In 1952, business leaders, alarmed at the city's skid, formed a nonprofit organization called Civic Progress, Inc. It backed Engineer Raymond Roche Tucker, for mayor. Back in the late 1930s, Tucker had come up with a plan to eliminate the city's then notorious smog cover by cutting down the amount of volatile fuel used by industry. He later was named chairman of the department of mechanical engineering at St. Louis' Washington University. Democrat Tucker gave up his \$20,000-a-year job for the \$10,000-a-year mayor's post.

Recruits for Resurgence. Tucker recruited the city's business leaders to help work on problems ranging from slum clearance to downtown traffic tangle. To fight blight while bringing the city budget back from the red, Tucker pushed through a \$110 million public-improvements bond issue, lured in federal and private capital to help.

On the Fourth of July, nearly half a million people flocked to the St. Louis riverfront and, amid bursts of fireworks and patriotic oratory, celebrated the 200th anniversary of the year a group of French fur traders came ashore to found the city. But as much as anything, it really was a celebration of a "notable civic renaissance," as the St. Louis Post-Dispatch has called it.

In all, some \$2 billion worth of major construction is under way or planned in the metropolitan area. A 454-acre midtown tract of slums called Mill Creek Valley, filled with slum housing that cried out for rebuilding in 1954, is now one of the largest urban-renewal areas in the U.S. A substantial section of it will be set aside for an expressway to link downtown with the major expressways leading out of the city. The long neglected riverfront has been cleared for the Jefferson National Expansion Memorial Park; scheduled for

completion there next year is a soaring stainless-steel arch 630 ft. high, designed by the late Eero Saarinen as a monument to St. Louis as Gateway to the West. A seven-block pedestrian mall shaded by trees and flanked by lawns is abuilding. Ground has been broken for a 1,100-car parking garage, first step in construction of a downtown sports stadium, designed by Edward Stone, that will seat 50,000, cost \$89 million.

The program has its critics. The Mill Creek slums were bulldozed in 1960, but redevelopment has been so slow that the area is locally dubbed "Hiroshima Flats." The New York Times' Ada Louise Huxtable charged that the rebuilders had razed "the heart and history" of the city by clearing the riverfront. Defenders point out that the storied waterfront had long deteriorated into a grimy morass of dilapidated warehouses, buildings and residences. Developers have been scrupulous in preserving the architectural monuments of the area—the old courthouse and the cathedral—and have stored the best examples of cast-iron storefronts to be put on display in the new Museum of Western Expansion.

Beyond a doubt, St. Louis is back from the brink. In many ways, its people have changed little. They still quaff their suds at the rate of 28 gal. per year per person, root for the Cardinals, thrive on sauerbraten, like to remember that their town produced T. S. Eliot as well as Stan Musial, and pronounce Gravois Street as "Gravoy." Men like Mayor Ray Tucker have brought a new awakening. Says he: "This is a warm, stable community. The people here are conservative and cautious. But I have yet to see them fail to respond to a program for civic betterment when it is explained to them."



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**OCCIDENTAL LIFE
OF CALIFORNIA**

THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Being Kind to the Competition

Even on the dullest day of the mid-summer doldrums, the Dallas morning News would not be expected to report the fact that its evening competitor, the Times-Herald, planned to cover basketball games next winter. But that was exactly what the Dallas News did, in June, for ABC-TV. SPORTS COVERAGE EXPANDED, announced the News, over a story reporting ABC's plans to televise 16 basketball games come January 1965.

Nor could the New York Herald Tribune, hatching plans to cover the current race troubles in the South, expect its enterprise to rate a news spread in the New York Daily News. Nevertheless, a spread in the Daily News was just what some other News competition got. TV EYES MISSISSIPPI, read the Daily News' headline, above a report that NBC was programming on-the-spot reports from Philadelphia, Miss.

Fan-Club Fidelity. These were not isolated examples of a U.S. newspaper tendency to treat television news coverage as if the coverage itself were news. Jack Gould, the New York Times' TV critic, systematically lumps TV newscasts in with Dr. Kildare, and gives both the same sort of critical going-over. After last month's conference of state governors in Cleveland, Plain Dealer TV Columnist Bert J. Reesing praised the city's radio and TV stations for "an exemplary piece of work." But the Plain Dealer had nothing to say, one way or another, about the performance of its own reporters—or, for that matter, of those on Cleveland's other daily, the Press.

The appearances and disappearances of TV newscasters are logged by the press with a fan-club fidelity usually re-

served for grease paint performers—which perhaps they are. Thus when NBC, eying San Francisco, decided to backstop its top news team of Chet Huntley and Dave Brinkley with another duo, the New York Times duly recorded their names: Ray Scherer and Nancy Dickerson. And when Westinghouse Broadcasting Co. signed Novelty-Playwright Gore Vidal to report both the Republican and Democratic national conventions, the Times gave Vidal's assignment headline prominence—meanwhile leaving unmentioned the names of several dozen experienced Timesmen who are likely to do a better job at San Francisco.

Generous Attention. It was not as if the country's press needed any reminder that television is a fiercely competitive news medium. "I like the nationwide audience and all that," said Allan Rusten, press chief for the G.O.P.'s Platform Committee, "but I feel like I'm being strangled in TV cables." TV sound trucks ringed San Francisco's St. Francis Hotel like enemy tanks, and such was the TV-induced congestion that one city cop had to borrow a TV crane to regulate traffic (see cut). But the moral was apparently lost on the country's newspapers, where page after gift-page reflected TV's ambition to hog the San Francisco show.

The Chicago News devoted twelve column inches to NBC's plan to use ultraviolet-light transmitters in the Cow Palace. THE BATTLE OF COMPUTERS: A TV THRILLER, headlined the Detroit Free Press. In New York under a no-surprise headline—NETWORK CARAVANS CARRY TV GADGETS AND MEN TO COAST G.O.P. RALLY—the Times totted up the logistics of the move: 1,500 TV hands, nearly 50 miles of cable for NBC alone.

Newspapers justify such generous attention to TV's news function on rather curious grounds. "A news event on TV is just another TV program," says Detroit News TV Columnist Frank Judge, who thinks more televiewers should watch the news and encourages News readers to do just that. Los Angeles Times Publisher Otis Chandler is even more unselfish. "I'm the first to admit that TV news is very good here," says Chandler. "But just because television is a good competitor is no reason for reducing your coverage."

Being Catty to Columnists

Pamela Mason, the all-but-divorced wife of Actor James Mason, is an English-born, middle-aged chatterbox whose very conversation is constructed like a Hollywood gossip column. Mostly, she has confined her monologues to parties and daily appearances on radio and TV, but neither medium was just the right setting for a woman with Pamela's natural dagger-turn of phrase. Last week she announced that she was

about to be put in her proper place at last. Soon, she said, she will begin writing a Hollywood column just like Hedda and Lolly. Columnist Mason's paper: The Chicago Sun-Times.

"If they ever have another filibuster in Washington, Pamela should lead it," says Groucho Marx. "She's the steadiest-talking woman I ever encountered. It's invariably about sex—but that's an interesting subject to me."

"I don't want to do gossip," Pamela says defensively. "I do opinion. Movie-



JULIAN WASSER

PAMELA MASON

No grouch from Groucho.

star gossip isn't interesting unless you're having an affair with Richard Burton."

Her opinions are as trim and sharp as she is. Her two-word review of Irving Shulman's biography of Jean Harlow was: "Shocking puce." Her general code is: "You should be vicious only if you have something to be vicious about." And—regardless of whether it is called gossip or opinion—she sees no reason not to be vicious about actors if she wants to be. "I don't think actors have any right to private lives," she says. "If they want to have privacy, they shouldn't be actors. I don't like cowards who stick their necks out and then scream and run. You can't have it both ways."

As for Hedda and Louella, she says: "I challenge them, because they're passé. Louella has a gushing attitude toward the whole industry and neither she nor Hedda writes her own column. Hedda's not a writer. I am. I've written books and novels." She has, at that. One work in progress: *Woman of the Worldmanship*, originally titled *Hollywood Be Thy Name*.

Headline of the Week

LORDS IMPOTENT IN FACE OF FECUNDITY

In the London Times, above a story reporting that the House of Lords had resumed, after two years and more than 100 million new births, its debate on the world population explosion.



SAN FRANCISCO COP ON TV CHERRY PICKER
Plugs for the opposition.

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July 3, 1964

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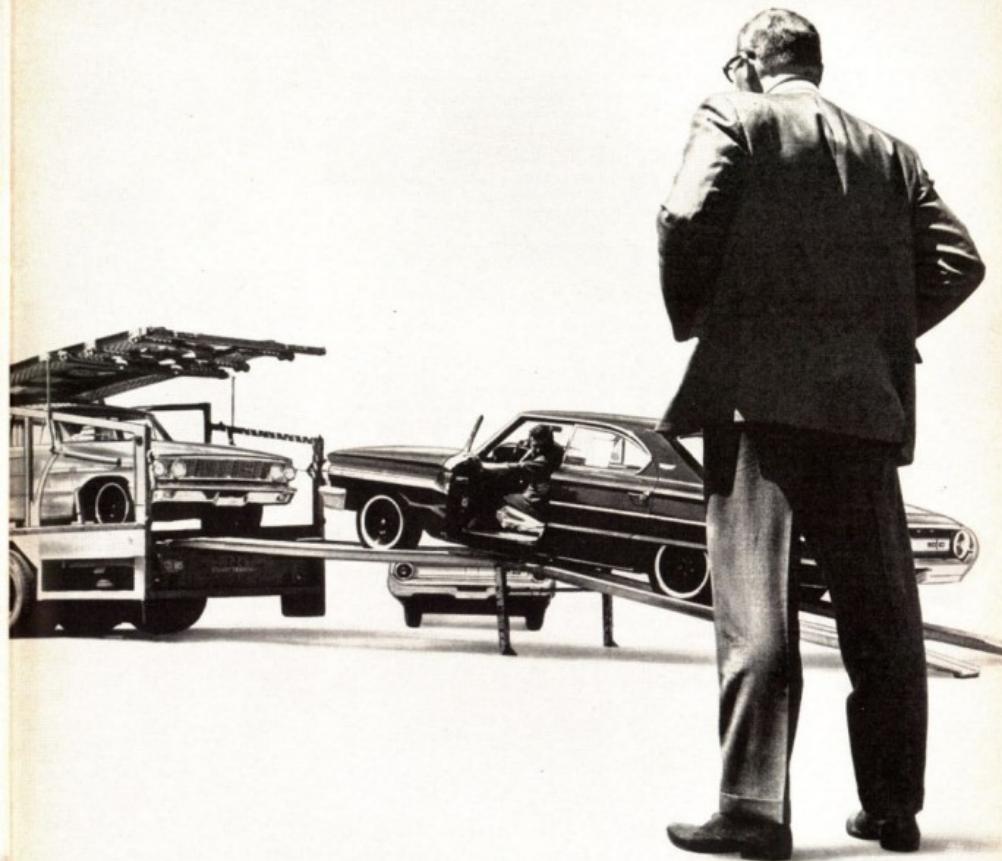
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BRUNING



SPORT

CREW

One for the Alumni

The first thing most athletes do when they get out of college is to order a heavy meal, wash it down with a cold beer, take a deep drag on a cigarette—and gleefully go to pot. But not if they live in Philadelphia and know how to pull an oar. Philadelphia's 99-year-old Vesper Boat Club awards no letters or athletic scholarships; its members work out six days a week, row as much as six miles each practice session. Why? "Because we like it," says Secretary-Treasurer John B. Kelly Jr., onetime Olympic sculler and brother of Monaco's Princess Grace. "We even like it enough to go out and be good at it." Very good, even.

Last week at New York's Orchard Beach Lagoon, the smooth-stroking Vesper eight trounced 15 of the country's finest crews—and thereby became the first club crew to represent the U.S. at the Olympics since another Vesper crew did it in 1904.

Vesper almost did not get into the trials at all, thanks to a mix-up in the mails. Their registration arrived after the deadline; only a last-minute decision by the U.S. Olympic Committee allowed them to compete. Seeded fourth, behind California, Harvard and Washington, Vesper did not figure to offer much competition to the younger college crews. Their average age was 26, and only the presence of two undergraduate ringers from La Salle College kept it that low. The part-time coach, Allan Rosenberg, is a Philadelphia lawyer. The coxswain, Robert Zimonyi, is a 46-year-old Hungarian refugee. The captain, Bill Knecht, is 34, a plumbing contractor, the father of six. But in the semifinals, Vesper shocked the ex-

perts by beating Harvard, the undefeated Eastern champion, by two lengths and 7.5 sec.

That was nothing compared to the surprise Vesper pulled in the finals. California was now the heavy favorite; the high-stroking Bears had rattled off seven straight victories. At the starting gun, Cal spurred into the lead, stroking at a phenomenal 44. Harvard was second, Yale third—and Vesper was left at the line. But then Harvard sliced out in front of Cal, and Vesper began to move up. At the 800-meter mark, with 1,200 meters to go, the Philadelphians drew even with Harvard, edged ahead—and never looked back. Eight tulip-shaped oars swinging as one, they took the stroke up to 40 at the end, swept to a one-length victory in 6 min. 1.3 sec.—fastest time of the entire Olympic trials.

GOLF

"A Humbling Game"

Short of sending him out blindfolded on a moonless night with a black-painted ball, there doesn't seem to be much that anybody can do to stop Tony Lema from winning golf tournaments. Last week they tried the next best thing: they sicked St. Andrews onto him—and all Tony did was to win the British Open, for his fourth victory in the last six weeks.

St. Andrews purports to be the "birthplace of modern golf," but that is open to debate. (Some historians claim that the Dutch invented the game, not the Scotch.) It also purports to be the toughest championship course in the world—and about that, there is no debate at all. The fishhook-shaped Old Course at the Royal and Ancient Golf Club is only 6,926 yds. long—practically puny by American standards. But



LEMA AT ST. ANDREWS

Gorse, heather, sand, and polo fields

it is an un-American course. There are stone walls to play over, tiered green, the size of polo fields, and acre after acre of prickly gorse, heather and sand. Nicknames are enough for the hazards: "The Twin Fangs of the Lady of Eigg," "The Valley of Sin," "Hell Burn." For a topper, there is the weather word "links," after all, originated Scotland. It means "golf course by the sea," and in the case of St. Andrews, that means the North Sea.

Slick as ice. If Tony Lema had served on convoy duty in World War II, he might have known what to expect. At 30, he was far too young, what's more, he had never even seen the Old Course before. Neither had Nicklaus, 24, whose \$24,000 victory the week before in the Whitney Open put him back on top of the pro money-winning list (with \$81,000). Demonstrated that he was once a favorite, at 7 to 2. The odds? Lema: 7 to 1.

On the first day, a cruel wind whipped across the open fairways at 60 mph. "I couldn't keep my footing," complained Nicklaus, who at 205 lbs. is one of golf's best-anchored pros, three-putted six greens, settled for a 75, Lema, who weighs in at 180 lbs., shot a one-over-par 73, two strokes off the pace set by Ireland's Christy O'Connor and France's Jean Garaialde, and announced himself satisfied. "There's nothing comparable to putting in a wind," he said. "Let me tell you something about golf—it's a humbling game."

The nicest thing anybody could say about the second day was that the wind was only 45 m.p.h. But somehow along the way, Lema lost his humor. Normally one of the best wedge pla-



VESPER'S OLYMPIC CREW
A lawyer, a refugee, and a father of six.

in the game, he changed his tactics, switched to a No. 7 iron, and ran the ball up to the pin. At the turn, Lema was one under par, and he picked up another two strokes on the 312-yd. twelfth hole—driving the green from the tee, sinking a 30-ft. putt for an eagle 2. "They've got to come and catch me now," said Tony, whose 68 gave him a two-stroke lead.

Safe from Sin. Only Nicklaus came close. Nine strokes back of Lema on the third day's start, he birdied four out of the first nine holes, went on to tie the St. Andrews course record with a sizzling six-under-par 66—and finished out his day with a final-round 68. But it was too late. Lema shot a morning-round 68, finally stepped up on the last tee needing only a triple-bogey seven to win. Playing it safe, he dumped his drive short of "The Valley of Sin," a gully just in front of the 18th green. Trying to line up his approach, Lema was surrounded by 10,000 swarming Scottish fans. Bobbies struggled to force the crowd back, and Lema waited patiently. Then he picked up his trusty No. 7 iron, swung gently and dropped the ball perfectly on the green, 18 in. from the pin. A tap, a plunk, and Tony had his birdie for a 72-hole total of 279—just three strokes off the British Open record—and a five-stroke victory.

The \$4,200 paycheck was nothing to write home about, but just thinking about all those side benefits made Tony's throat dry. "I may be the third leading money winner," he sighed, ordering champagne for everybody in the press tent, "but I'm the first leading money spender."

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

► Brazil's Maria Bueno, 24; the women's All-England tennis championship, beating Australia's defending champion, Margaret Smith, in three sets, 6-4, 7-9, 6-3; at Wimbledon. Recovered at last from the hepatitis that kept her out of action for six months, Schoolteacher Bueno relied mostly on flat, efficient ground strokes to score her second major victory over the 21-year-old Aussie in less than a year (the other: the U.S. nationals at Forest Hills last summer). Said the weary winner: "Everybody said it would be difficult to come back—and they were right."

► Houston's A. J. Foyt, 29; the Firecracker 400 stock-car race, averaging 151.4 m.p.h. in a 1964 Dodge to edge North Carolina's Bobby Isaac by less than the length of a car hood; at Daytona Beach, Fla. The U.S. Auto Club racing champion, winner of the 1964 Indianapolis 500, Foyt once again demonstrated his amazing versatility: alternating between sports cars, stock cars, sprint cars and big Offenhauser-powered Indy roadsters, Foyt has failed to win only two of the races he has entered this year.



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U.S. BUSINESS

BANKING

Money Makes Money

Banks are usually good mirrors of prosperity, but the \$312 billion U.S. banking industry is sharing in the current economic advance to a degree that surprises even it. Bankers, in fact, are making more money than ever before. Last week alltime high first-half earnings were reported by several banks, including the two largest ones, San Francisco's Bank of America and New York's Chase Manhattan. Despite their rising operating costs and the higher interest payments they are forced to pay to remain competitive, the nation's major banks earned 9% more in 1964's first half than in the first half of 1963.

Many Happy Returns. The prime reason for the rise is that U.S. businessmen and consumers are clamoring to borrow more. Outstanding loans of U.S. commercial banks jumped from \$150 billion to \$157 billion in this year's first five months, and they are still climbing sharply. Much of the gain came in the kind of loans that bankers like most of all—consumer installment loans, which give them interest yields of 12% or more. The banks' consumer installment credit has increased by 13% in the past year, to \$22 billion. At the same time, the amount of real estate loans, which yield more than 5%, has risen from \$34 billion to \$39 billion.

The bankers have also been earning more from the \$59 billion that they have tied up in Government securities. Thanks to Washington's policies of firming up interest rates to prevent investment capital from flowing to foreign countries, the yields on U.S. securities have risen about 1 of 1% in the

past year—to 31% for short-term Treasury bills, and to 4% or more for longer-term issues. To further increase their income, the bankers have been switching increasingly from Government securities to municipal bonds, which are tax-exempt. In the past year, they have boosted such investments by 23%, to nearly \$23 billion.

More Powers. Prudence is a way of life for the bankers, and they would be the last to claim that their fortunes can continue to rise indefinitely. Some bankers complain that interest payments on deposits are too generous and inflexible, while others, including Federal Reserve Chairman William McChesney Martin, worry that the bankers have taken on too many chaney construction loans. On the other hand, the fact that the bankers have lent out so much reduces the prospect of economic excess. Because the banks have only a small supply of liquid funds, the Federal Reserve now has greater power to tighten up on credit should strong signs of inflation appear.

STOCK MARKETS

Career Cop

The Securities and Exchange Commission, top cop of the U.S. stock markets, was led into its most active role in many years by its current chairman, William L. Cary. Ever since Cary made known his desire to return to his Columbia law professorship by this fall,

A few overextended banks have failed lately. Last week the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp. announced the collapse of the First State Bank of Dell City, Texas. Reason: an excess of bad loans. It was the third small bank failure for that reason this year.

HENRY GROSSMAN



SEC'S COHEN
Watching out for soft stuff.

Washington and Wall Street have wondered whether Lyndon Johnson would break the SEC by picking a less aggressive chairman. Last week, making clear that the SEC will continue on its energetic course, the President selected a chairman who is at least as vigorous as Cary: SEC careerist Manuel Frederick Cohen, 51. "There is no chance of any soft stuff taking place," said Manny Cohen. "The program we have started will be continued."

The program, shaped in no small part by Cohen, calls for closer SEC regulation of the securities markets, perhaps leading to lower brokerage commissions among other changes. It stems largely from the SEC's massive 1963 stock market study (which, coincidentally, was led by Chicago Lawyer Milton Cohen, no kin to the new chairman). Cary made a strong pitch to Lyndon Johnson to pick Cohen, who was already a member of the five-man commission, as the new chairman, and Cohen was not hurt by his close friendship with White House Special Counsel Myer Feldman. Johnson was also under pressure to pick a careerist to soften criticism of his recent appointment of conservative Republican Hammer Budge, a former Congressman from Idaho with little experience in the securities markets, as an SEC commissioner. To fill the vacancy created by Cohen's promotion, Johnson last week chose a Los Angeles lawyer, Francis M. Wheat, 43, a Democrat.

Brooklyn-born Cohen is a Russian immigrant's son who worked his way to a degree at Brooklyn Law School ('36) and joined the commission in 1942. Rising to head its division of corporate finance, he became known as a savvy administrator whose devotion to the job did not stop him from being well liked by the people he was regulating. Last week New York Stock Exchange President Keith Funston called Cohen "dedicated and realistic."



BANKING AT NEW YORK'S FIRST NATIONAL CITY
Heading the clamor to borrow.

ADVERTISING

Mating on Madison Avenue

Spooning ice cream as she sailed, Ac-
tress Carol Channing relaxed one day
last week in the middle of the Hudson
River, ensconced aboard a 38-ft. yacht
named *Dolly* after the Broadway show
in which she stars. An idle summer day's
cruise? Not at all. Cameras whirred
from a nearby boat, making sure to
catch the brand of the yacht (Bertram)
and of the ice cream (Dolly Madison)
as well as Miss Channing's wide-eyed
face. Carol Channing was hard at work
on a device that is becoming one of the
most popular in the advertising world:
the tie-in ad, a mating of two or more
products in a single display. Used last
year by more than 400 companies, tie-
ins have brought together such disparate
products as RCA Victor and Schenley
whiskies, Hathaway shirts and Air India,
Remington Arms shotguns and Stetson
hats. United Air Lines is so eager to tie
that it is setting up a special budget for
the purpose, will listen to any proposals
short of liquor and lingerie.

Tact & Patience. Tie-ins started on a
small scale years ago as modest ads
matching two products with an obvious
affinity, but they have now bloomed
into big ad and promotion campaigns
that bring together as many as a dozen
sponsors. Small companies are excited
by the bigger, splashier space they can
buy by pooling their ad money with
other small firms, also like the occasional
opportunity to be paired with a famous
brand name. Tie-in promotional
material is usually given more and better
space in stores and show windows,
is liked even by large corporations that
can easily afford solo advertising. United's
men-only Caravelle flights got additional
thrust from Caravelle suits by
Hart, Schaffner & Marx and Caravelle
golf carts by a Chicago manufacturer.
Ford's Mustang was introduced with
ties to everything from toy cars to
Mustang sunglasses by Renaud.

Knotting together a tie-in demands
a lot of tact and patience, and few ad
agencies care to go to all that trouble.
As a result, the field has been taken over
by specialists. The biggest and busiest
is Manhattan's Leonard Fellman, 47,
whose 17-man agency serves 20 companies
on a regular basis (including Du
Pont, BOAC, National Car Rental and
Holiday Inns) and does work for 300
other companies a year. Most of the
ads are placed in magazines and newspapers,
but this week Fellman is starting
a TV department as well.

Persuasion Trouble. Fellman considers
himself a kind of marriage broker.
"You have to be a diplomat, banker,
mother and pacifist," he says. He has
paired Aldon nylon carpets with a
Chrysler Corp. M-60 tank (to demonstrate
durability), Eastern 727 Whispe-
rjets and Du Pont fabrics, Muriel cigars
and mink coats—and Carol Channing
and her boat and bounty. Fellman insis-
ts that finding a theme to carry a tie-



Have you tried the new Daiquiri Collins?

YOU CAN make this great new thirst-quencher in 30 seconds flat. All you need: Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix and dry, light Puerto Rican rum.

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Very important: Always insist on Puerto Rican rums—they're extra dry.

Recipe for the Daiquiri Collins: Fill a tall glass with ice. Add 1 oz. Daiquiri Mix, 2 ozs. Puerto Rican rum and a little water or club soda. Stir.

Free recipe booklet with 31 delightful rum drinks. Write: Rum Booklet, Dept. T-2, 666 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019.

Daiquiri Mix is distributed by Wilbur-Ellis Co., Inc., New York and Los Angeles.

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NEW ISSUE

July 9, 1964

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Long Shot... or Sure Thing?

If you're talking about Wall Street — about investing in common stocks to make money — neither label applies.

You can make money in the market, yes. And you can lose it, too.

Stock prices go up. Stock prices go down. So there is a risk in investing — the risk that you might be forced to sell your stock at some future date for less than you paid for it.

But according to the most comprehensive study on investing in stocks that we've ever seen, that risk certainly seems to be worth taking.

The study is called "*Rates of Return on Investments in Common Stocks*" and traced an assumed investment of an equal dollar amount in each of all of the 1700 common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange from 1926 to 1960, and it showed for 22 different time periods — through war and peace, boom and bust — just what average rates of return would have been realized in each period for such an investment.

In 18 of those 22 time periods money would have been made at rates ranging from 2% to more than 20% compounded annually after payment of all taxes and commissions.

As the professors who made the study observe, "It will perhaps be surprising to many that the rates have consistently been so high." Want to see for yourself?

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(Government Securities Office)

in is only part of his problem. The real trouble comes in persuading a brace of sponsors to accept an idea, and figuring out how much each should pay for sharing in it. In the Remington-Stetson marriage, for example, two-thirds of the \$12,000 campaign was billed to Stetson, which is getting twice as much tuning in the tie.

COMMODITIES

The Last Boll

The U.S. Government's cotton policy is a crazy quilt that would put even Rumpelstiltskin in stitches—and it costs the U.S. taxpayer \$500 million a year. Congress has piled subsidy on top of subsidy, seems to think up a new price prop every year.

First the Government fixed the price of domestic cotton on 32¢ a lb., which is 8½¢ above the present world market price. Then it has been paying an 8½¢ subsidy to exporters so that they can sell U.S. cotton competitively at the world price. But U.S. textile manufacturers have been complaining that foreign textile makers can thus buy U.S. cotton cheaper than they can—and the Government has now devised still another subsidy to meet their complaints. Beginning Aug. 1, it will drop the farmers' support price 2½¢ to 30¢, automatically lowering the subsidy to exporters by 2½¢. At the same time it will grant U.S. manufacturers a new subsidy of 6½¢ a lb. so that they will be able to buy U.S. cotton at the cheaper world price. The effect will be to create three different payouts so that sellers of cotton will get 30¢ a lb. but buyers will only have to pay the prevailing world rate, which currently fluctuates between 23½ and 24½¢.

The new system last week proved to be the last boll for the 93-year-old New Orleans Cotton Exchange, which closed its doors to trading. Because the price of cotton has been so firmly fixed, big dealers no longer have to go to the exchange to buy futures contracts to hedge against possible fluctuations. Futures trading on the New Orleans exchange dropped from 12 million bales a decade ago to only 18,000 last year. The exchange did not take its closing easily, planted full-page ads in many newspapers to attack the situation. After suggesting that Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman is either "unknowledgeable" or "a demagogue," the ad charged that his subsidies were creating a "unique substitute for the free enterprise system."

That left only one remaining cotton futures exchange—the New York exchange, whose business has dwindled from 33 million bales in 1953 to 928,000 in 1963. Its leaders are negotiating with the Agriculture Department in hopes of finding a way to survive, but prospects are dim. The subsidy system has achieved stability for the nation's No. 1 fiber, but the cost in money and market freedom is high.



YOUNG MARRIEDS FURNITURE-SHOPPING
TV and babies do their part.

MERCHANDISING

Fine Time for Furniture

In economists' terms, furniture has traditionally been a "postponable purchase"—people often put off buying a new chair, couch or bedroom set until the old one broke down, seldom bought on impulse. Lately, there has been a shift of sorts: Americans are inclined to trade in their old furniture somewhat sooner, buy more and more new furniture than in years past. Last week, at their annual summer show in High Point, N.C., the seat of the industry, the nation's furniture manufacturers puffed up their earlier predictions for 1964. On the basis of a notably strong first half, they now expect their sales to rise at least 10% above last year's \$2.2 billion.

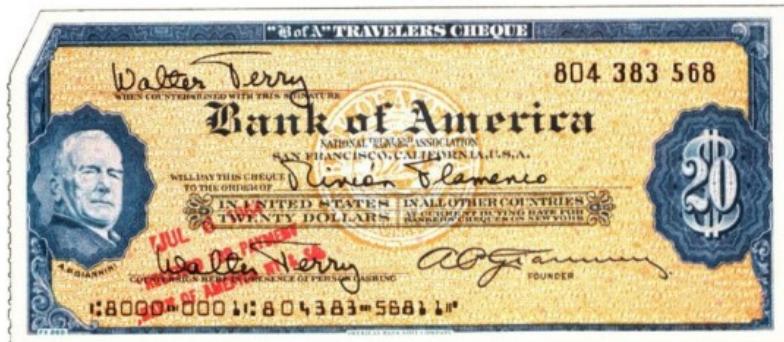
In a cluttered industry of some 5,000 manufacturers scattered through the U.S., the four largest companies are the most comfortable of all. The big four—Kroehler, Bassett, Drexel and Thomasville—have made sales gains so far this year of 13% to 20%. Says Drexel Executive Vice President David J. Brunn: "You always dream of the day when your line will be hot and the economic climate will be good—but both at the same time. That's what's happening to us this year."

Changes In Quality. The general health of the economy has given people both the urge to buy and the money to do it with. Meanwhile, the tax cut has enabled them to pay off their old installment debts and take on new ones. The furniture business has been bolstered not only by changes in the quantity of U.S. personal income but also by changes in the quality of U.S. living. One major factor is that the U.S. is a nation of increasing mobility: this year 9,500,000 American families will move to different homes, and most of them



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USS Special Report: If you ship goods,

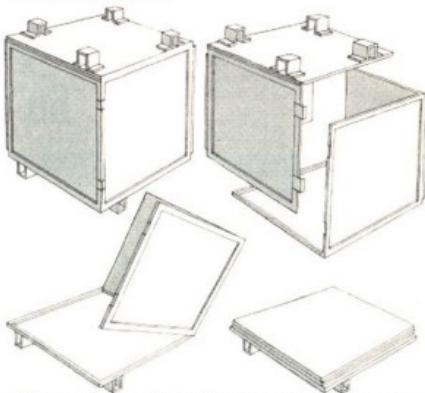


Thousands of years ago, man hit on the idea that it was a lot easier to move goods in a box than to juggle them singly. Today, the concept is called "containerization". Specifically, containerization is a system of moving goods in sealed, re-useable freight containers too large for manual handling and which don't have wheels permanently attached. Advantages: far less cargo damage and pilferage, lower packaging costs, minimized handling, and lower shipping rates. Now a U. S. Steel freight container design study introduces a new world of innovation to containerization.

The study covers a full range of pallet, cargo, and van-type freight containers fabricated from a family of USS steels. The unique designs are interchangeable between trucks, trains, ships, and cargo planes. They fit within standards of size that could become world-wide. Because they're designed in special-purpose steels they are strong, durable, easily maintained, and able to stand up to the knocks and vibrations of mechanized handling and carrying.

U. S. Steel doesn't make containers, but we have a number of customers who do; however, we do suggest innovations in the use of steel for utmost efficiency and economy. USS freight container experts have demonstrated scale models of the container designs and offer these design ideas free of

charge to shippers, rail, truck and marine companies, and container fabricators. More than 15,000 shipping-minded people have seen the U. S. Steel "road show" presentation to date. Here are examples of some of our container ideas:



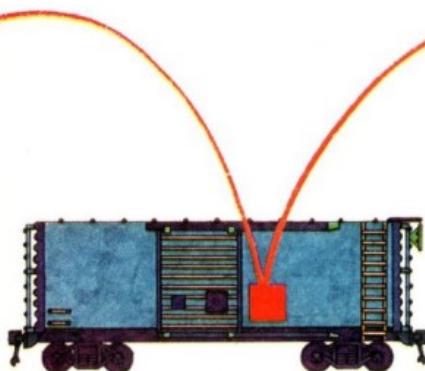
This container, called a hinged pallet container, can be assembled into a covered container for packaged cargo or loose parts, or into two standard pallets. This feature adds to versatility and subsequent increased utility of this type of container.

This weather-tight cargo container can carry package, bulk, or liquid commodities. For refrigerated



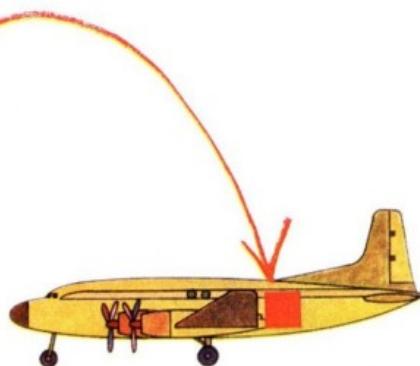
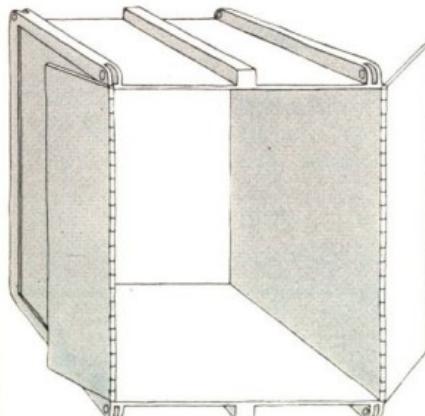
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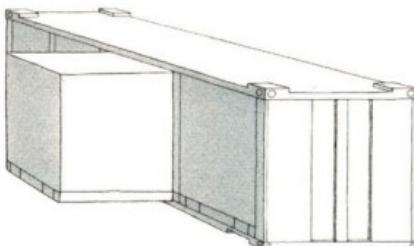


cargo, the double-wall steel panels can be filled with plastic foamed insulation. Because of its versatility, it offers maximum in-service use, minimum empty movement.

A completely containerized highway trailer type van system can carry all types of cargo via rail, truck or ship. This van container could also hold four cargo containers as illustrated. Loading and unloading can be done with maximum speed through doors on both sides and one end; the design especially minimizes handling on split shipments.



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will discard at least some of their old furniture, buy pieces better suited to their new surroundings.

Homes are becoming bigger, too—nowadays, not many new houses have fewer than three bedrooms—and more rooms naturally require more furniture. The trend toward homes with patios and apartments with terraces has expanded the demand for outdoor furniture, and overall business has been helped even by the popularity of television. Says Chicago Retailer Milton Fish: "TV is keeping people at home more, and making them much more conscious of their furniture."

Scrubbing the Borax. In the area of style changes, the furniture manufacturers are taking a lesson from the automakers: the American family spends an average of \$100 a year on furniture v. \$800 on cars and accessories. Now the furniture men have begun to shift styles more rapidly than usual to appeal to a nation of rising tastes. "Today's American furniture buyer is interested in three things," says Hampton Powell, president of Lane Co., a major manufacturer. "He puts style above all else, with quality second and price third."

Current styles are generally more ele-

gant—and more expensive. The boxy, bulky, tacky styles—which salesmen dub "Borax" and jokingly claim to sell by the pound—do not sell very well any more. Also declining in popularity are the starkly modern styles, known in the trade as "sterile" or "baby-searing." But important market gains have been made by French-Italian Provincial and by the Spanish or Mediterranean style, which is characterized by dark woods, wrought irons, gentle carvings and some open spaces. Furniture men believe that tomorrow's hot style will probably be vaguely oriental, "a hint of the Far East."

While middle-aged householders are replacing their furniture with costlier pieces, there is a continuing surge in the number of younger, first-time buyers, who do not want their neighbors to see hand-me-downs and are potential customers for whole households of furniture. Manufacturers look with delight upon market researchers' predictions that the number of marriages will increase from 1,600,000 last year to 1,900,000 next year. All those new families will benefit the industry in general, and one segment of it in particular: the manufacturers of baby furniture.



PAN AM'S NEW PRESIDENT GRAY
Now is the time to move.

AVIATION

Change of Pilots

The pioneers who span commercial aviation from Jenny to jet are giving way to a new generation of executives. In the last year, the presidents of three major U.S. airlines have stepped either up or out to make way for new men. United's Pat Patterson moved up to chairman, and so did American's C. R. Smith; Malcolm MacIntyre left Eastern. Last week one of the greatest pioneers of them all relinquished some of the controls—although, like Smith and Patterson, he retained the post of chief executive. Just turned 65, Juan Terry Trippe gave up the presidency of Pan American, a seat he has held zestily since he founded the airline in 1927. Moving up to the new post of chairman, Trippe picked Executive Vice President Harold E. Gray, 58, to succeed him as president and chief operating officer.

Scarcely five years out of Yale ('22) when he started his airline, Trippe nursed it with force and farsightedness. Pan Am began as a handful of flying boats shuttling 110 miles between Key West and Cuba; its 73,000 miles of routes now connect 85 nations, and last year's earnings of \$33.6 million on \$561 million in revenues were the most ever made by any airline. Gray has been in on practically all of this growth. A member of the first group of pilots hired by Pan Am in 1929, he was the first commercial flyer to cross the Atlantic, logged 15,000 hours before he settled behind a desk in 1944.

Like Gray, the other new presidents—United's George E. Keck, 52, Eastern's Floyd Hall, 48, and American's Marion Sadler, 53—are all operations men. So mammoth and complex has the aviation industry become that it now takes one boss just to schedule and maintain the jets and another to finance their \$6,000,000 price tags and worry about the future. The time is ripe for moving in new men: recovering from the red ink that plagued them after jets were introduced, the industry last year racked up record profits of \$84 million.

HOW THE '64 AUTOS FARED

THE 1964 auto year went so fast and furiously that it is hard to believe it is nearly over. Last week General Motors Cadillac Division became the first auto-industry name plate to stop production of the '64s and begin preparations for the 1965 models. In the next few weeks Detroit's other automakers will also close out 1964 production, ending much earlier than usual to prepare for the most complete retooling in many years. As the switchover for the restyled '65s began, the auto industry's

report of a record-breaking 4,014,933 auto sales through June, 6% more than in 1963, indicates that Detroit almost surely will have the first 8,000,000-car year in its history. Henry Ford felt so good about the industry's future that he announced last week that Ford will spend more than \$90 million to build a new auto plant, its largest in the U.S., south of Detroit. What automakers have fared best in the 1964 auto boom and what name plates have increased their share of the market? The breakdown:

	1964 Jan.-June 30	Percent of Market	1963 Jan.-June 30	Percent of Market
GENERAL MOTORS	2,200,595	54.0	2,065,599	54.7
Chevrolet	1,944,498	19.8	1,873,313	22.2
Chevrolete	177,549	1.4	introduced in fall 1963	
Chevy II	104,201	2.6	195,462	5.2
Corvair	101,567	2.5	134,124	3.6
Pontiac	251,839	6.3	248,295	6.6
Tempest	137,487	3.4	70,507	1.9
Oldsmobile	183,325	4.6	181,961	4.8
F-85	99,872	2.5	65,450	1.7
Buick	157,244	3.9	162,859	4.3
Special	103,647	2.6	84,156	2.2
Cadillac	89,368	2.2	85,392	2.3
FORD MOTOR CO.	1,046,775	26.1	979,445	25.9
Ford	451,851	11.3	445,181	11.8
Falcon	161,545	4.0	173,426	4.6
Fairlane	141,737	3.5	170,673	4.5
Thunderbird	47,426	1.2	28,338	0.8
Mustang	68,224	1.7	introduced in spring 1964	
Mercury	58,198	1.5	57,082	1.5
Comet	101,414	2.5	64,966	1.7
Lincoln	15,893	0.4	13,084	0.3
CHRYSLER CORP.	553,020	13.8	469,717	12.4
Plymouth	138,010	3.4	129,610	3.4
Valiant	102,135	2.5	93,084	2.5
Dodge (includes B&O)	138,236	3.4	107,416	2.8
Dart	98,309	2.5	78,305	2.1
Chrysler	66,195	1.7	55,581	1.5
Imperial	10,145	0.3	5,721	0.2
AMERICAN MOTORS	195,799	4.9	225,348	6.0
STUDEBAKER CORP.	17,682	0.4	35,639	0.9

WORLD BUSINESS

JAPAN

The New No. 3 in Steel

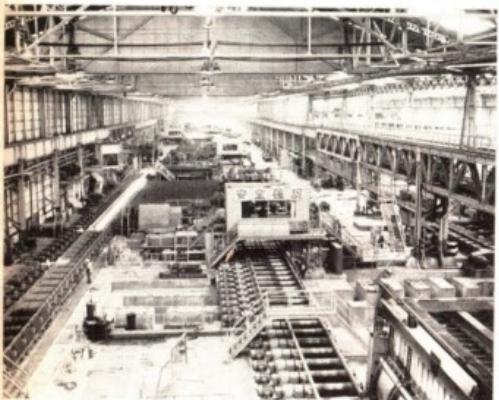
Even in the age of the atom, steel is still the vital measure of industrial might. The Soviet Union has made it national policy to catch up with U.S. steel production, the world's largest, and the other large steel producing nations never cease jockeying for advantage. Since World War II, no nation has reached for big steel status with more success than Japan, whose industry is among the world's most advanced and whose exports have raised the ire of competitors in both the U.S. and Eu-

tial, thus enabling it to progress from a complete halt in production on V-J day to an output of 6,000,000 tons by 1951, when the peace treaty was signed. At the same time, the old government monopoly, Japan Steel & Iron Co., was broken up into Yawata Iron & Steel Co. and Fuji Iron & Steel Co., currently Japan's two largest producers. Encouraged by the authorities, competition flourished; today Japan has 62 steelmakers. But 55% of production is still accounted for by the nation's big four, who are rounded out by Nihon Kokan and Kawasaki Steel.

The man who took the lead in advo-

raw materials, she built her big steel plants right on the water's edge. Now nearly all major steelmaking countries have to import substantial raw materials also, and Japan's seaside plants represent big savings in transportation charges, enabling steelmen to unload raw materials from giant-volume supertankers. The Japanese have also perfected their research and development, have improved efficiency and fuel use so much that the amount of coking coal used to produce one ton of pig iron has been cut 39% in ten years.

Long-Range Goal. Finished steel products are Japan's biggest export (\$759 million in 1963) and nicely balance the outlay the Japanese must make to import raw materials; all exports of steel goods thus contribute directly to Japan's trade balance. Japanese steelmakers have been accused of dumping in the U.S. and of planning a cartel with Europe's steelmen, and there is no doubt that they are aggressive and wily exporters. But they insist that their long-range goal is not more exports but increased domestic consumption. Says Fuji's Nagano: "The primary object of this industry is to provide the steel needed for Japan's growing economy." Japan's per capita steel production is only 550 lbs. annually, about half of European and U.S. consumption. Nagano reasons that Japan could comfortably produce nearly twice as much steel for domestic consumption alone.



FUJI'S SHAPING MILL AT HIROHATA

Dwarfing the most optimistic projections.

rope. Now Japan has taken over from West Germany as the world's third largest producer, having turned out 34 million tons of high quality steel in the fiscal year that ended in March v. 33 million tons for the Germans.

From southern Kyushu to northern Honshu, the classic brush-painting coastline of Japan has been transformed into dynamic montages of modern wealth. Fire and smoke belch forth from towering blast furnaces that gobble up a steady stream of coal, iron ore and limestone from huge supertankers. The Japanese take second place to no one as owners of the most modern steelmaking equipment, have 14 ore-to-ingot plants operating at nearly 95% of capacity and another four being built. Japan ranks second to the U.S. in up-to-date strip-mill capacity and produces 38% of its steel by the speedy, economical oxygen process, while only 10% of U.S. steel is made that way.

Unexpected Boom. The American occupation triggered the modernization of Japan's steelmaking. Occupation planners declared the steel industry essen-

cating modernization is now the acknowledged leader of the Japanese steel industry: Shigeo Nagano, 64, Fuji's president. The son of a Buddhist priest and himself a Judo expert with a reputation for forcefulness, Nagano pressed for renovation and expansion of the industry despite official reluctance and occasional opposition from financial circles, who could not see so clearly as he the role steel would play in reconstruction. Following his lead, the industry inaugurated a \$358 million, five-year capital expansion program in 1951. Japan's accelerated recovery, and the shipbuilding and railroad booms it brought, dwarfed even the most optimistic projections. Steelmen put \$1.9 billion into a second five-year plan that doubled production, and in 1961 launched a third plan that will cost \$3 billion, bring production to 42 million tons by the end of 1966.

Japan's biggest advantage has always been cheap labor, and productivity has risen so much faster than wages that the advantage has actually been increased. Since Japan had to import most of her



NAGANO

WESTERN EUROPE

A Better Solace

Western Europe's economic boom shows few signs of letting up, but that has not prevented many European economists from worrying about where it all will end. The economists who work for the prestigious Twentieth Century Fund do not seem to share those worries. In a report issued last week, they predicted that Europe's unprecedented prosperity will continue to increase at least until 1975.

Population in the 18 Western European countries, says the study, will increase from 313 million in 1962 to more than 340 million in 1975, outnumbering the U.S. or Russia. Total Western European output is expected to rise 90% to \$600 billion, and productivity per worker in the projected 147 million-man work force will jump 70%. Unemployment, which was a bare 3,000,000 in 1962 and is even less now, is expected to drop to 2,000,000 by 1975.

The fund also forecasts that Western Europeans will own 60 million to 70 million cars by 1975, triple the number in 1960. Spending for household appliances and furniture will more than double, and outlays for clothing and fuel will rise by nearly 70%. As a sort of footnote, the fund also predicted that,

while Europe will acquire more expensive tastes in liquor—indeed, the Continent is now busy switching to Scotch—excessive drinking will decrease. It seems that there will be so much to do, buy and see in the Europe of 1975 that there will be less time for liquor, "formerly one of the few solaces."

EGYPT

Progress on the Nile

Egypt's pharaohs performed astounding feats of engineering and resourcefulness in constructing the country's ancient monuments, but only ten years ago the modern Egyptian economy did not even produce pins. The situation has improved: Egypt's industrial production has increased 42.6% in the past three years. Last week the improvement was highlighted by the opening of the first industrial fair in Egypt's history. On an island in the Nile, smack in the middle of Cairo, 800 Egyptian firms spread their wares over a 120-acre site behind an entrance framed by a huge arabesque arch.

Egypt is rich in raw materials and relies heavily on them for export; one result is that prime places at the fair were given to models of mines and oil rigs, and to Egypt's fine cottons. But the surprise was the amount of consumer goods at the fair—55% of the total. They included many brand-new products, and ranged from TV sets and pharmaceuticals to autos assembled in Egypt and turquoise jewelry from mines that were worked before Christ but only rediscovered last year. The Egyptians have developed a strong plastics industry to make everything from spoons to shoes; among the successes of the fair were 25¢ plastic sunglasses that may soon be flooding the Continent.

With such goods, the United Arab Republic has built an export business

KHAMES ABDU LAFIF



TRADE FAIR EXHIBITS IN CAIRO
Looking to a continent.



MELBOURNE SHOPPERS IN THE MYER EMPORIUM

Aiming at the middle.

that this year will total \$500 million—but that is not enough. Egypt is still forced to import so many necessities that it runs a perennial trade deficit. To help wipe it out, the Egyptians are selling hard to nations as distant as Norway and the Philippines, shipping tires to Czechoslovakia and China, and working successfully to overcome earlier complaints of inferior quality. The Egyptians look with great expectations to the emerging African market, which they hope will be a major outlet for Egyptian goods. It is no coincidence that the industrial fair coincides with a Cairo summit meeting this week of 34 African heads of state and their cabinet ministers. Any one of them who manages to get out of Cairo without visiting that trade fair will have to be a slippery fellow indeed.

AUSTRALIA

Down-Under Macy's

The Macy's of Australia is a seven-story sandstone department store that sprawls over two blocks in the heart of Melbourne. The Myer Emporium is Australia's top store, the world's sixth largest, and the major link in the biggest retailing chain below the equator. More than 1,250,000 customers a week pour through its doors and onto its 54 elevators and 32 escalators, and thousands more shop at its 27 branches, which are placed in every state except Western Australia. Myer's has no equivalent of Gimbel's to keep it on its toes, but it does not seem to have suffered from that vacuum. Last week Myer's, whose 1963 sales were nearly \$300 million, announced plans to build a \$20 million, 51-acre American-style shopping center in the Melbourne suburbs.

Outraged Competitors. Myer's has 50-odd subsidiaries, including car parks, garages, furniture and woolen mills and shopping centers, but it has grown and prospered because of its over-the-counter rapport with the Australian shopper. Most of its 19,500 employees attend training school, learn to address customers by name when possible instead

of by the formal "sir" or "madam." Myer's departments compete with each other to bring the customers bargains, and its basement frequently carries the same merchandise as upstairs at lower prices. When merchandise does not move on a strict timetable, Myer's either knocks the price down or clears the goods from its counters.

Australian retailing was still in the Middle Ages when such practices were first introduced to Aussie shoppers by Sidney Myer, a penniless Russian Jew who emigrated to Australia in 1905 and began to hawk merchandise from his back, not far from Melbourne. He moved up to a pushcart, then to a rented store, and by 1911 had amassed enough money to buy a small general store in Melbourne—right on the present site of Myer's. He quickly became the city's most successful businessman, outraging competitors by such novel practices as introducing "price leaders" to attract customers, ordering his salesgirls to don hats and crowd around neglected bargain counters. Before he died in 1934, he had begun establishing branch stores in other Australian cities and had foresightedly picked his successor: Myer's current boss, Arnot ("Harry") Tolley, 68.

Steady Steering. A quiet, gentle executive, Tolley sees himself as "a man with an oil can whose job is to keep all parts of the machine running smoothly." He has done just that, shrewdly acquiring other companies, setting up buying companies in four foreign countries and agents in four others, and steadily expanding Myer's network. He has ignored chances to open specialty stores, steadily steered Myer's toward the volume market. "There's no future in catering to a so-called elite," Tolley says. "Aim at the broad middle section of the population and you automatically get both the top and bottom sections." Myer's not only has been good for the Australian shopper but for Australian industry as well: Tolley sees to it that of the thousands and thousands of items carried in Myer's stores, fully 90% are made in Australia.

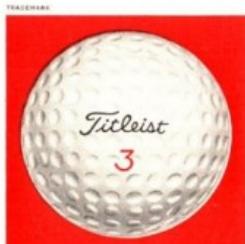
TITLEIST

overwhelming
favorite
of players
in the
U S OPEN

12

STRAIGHT YEARS

IN 1964
53 played TITLEIST
22 played nearest competitor
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**NO ONE IS PAID
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Sold Thru Golf Course Pro Shops Only

MILESTONES

Born. To María del Carmen Franco y Polo, 37, only child of Spain's Generalissimo Franco; and Cristóbal Martínez Bordiú Ortega y Bascáin, 41, Marqués de Villaverde: their seventh child, fifth daughter; in Madrid.

Married. Romaine Dahlgren Pierce, 40, Manhattan model, ex-wife of the Marquess of Milford Haven; and James Busch Orthwein, 40, St. Louis adman, great-grandson of the original Gussie (Budweiser) Busch; she for the third time, he for the second; in Manhattan.

Married. Marshall Field Jr., 48, publisher of Chicago's morning Sun-Times and evening Daily News; and Julia Lynne Templeton, 23, onetime Sun-Times public relations girl; he for the third time; in Manhattan.

Died. Jon Corbino, 59, U.S. painter, a Sicilian-born romantic realist who specialized in turbulent canvases of full-blown nudes and writhing horses caught in shipwrecks and floods, scoffing at abstract artists for their attempt "to achieve a literature with a language none but they understand"; of cancer; in Sarasota, Fla.

Died. Roy Davidson, 63, head of the 65,000-man Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and spokesman for all five railroad unions during the lengthy deadlock over featherbedding, who helped talk his more militant fellow union leaders into compromise, shared bows with President Johnson over TV when the dispute was finally settled this spring; of leukemia; in Cleveland.

Died. Maurice Thorez, 64, longtime French Communist chieftain, a coal miner turned professional revolutionary, who took control of the party as secretary general in 1934, ran it as a mirror of the Kremlin, slavishly devoted first to Stalin, then to Khrushchev, seeing it grow to nearly 1,000,000 members after World War II only to decline rapidly (current membership: 240,000) in the face of European prosperity, until, suffering from chronic ill health, he "elevated" himself to president last May, leaving everyday tactics to another man; of an apparent heart attack aboard a Russian ship traveling to Yalta for a vacation.

Died. Dr. Rufus ("Rex") von Klein-Smid, 89, president of the University of Southern California from 1921 to '46, a crusty, controversial administrator who expanded U.S.C.'s plant from three to 22 buildings, increased enrollment from 5,000 to 12,000, and concentrated hard on a championship football team, but paid his professors minuscule salaries (some got as little as \$2,600 a year); of heart disease; in Los Angeles.

"Politics has its nuances, the arts require discrimination, and science has its complexities. It becomes the business of journalism such as ours to treat of all of these subjects in a way that will hold a reader's interest without insulting his intelligence. In fields of specialized knowledge, we aim to render an account that is plain and simple, yet does not violence to the difficulty of the subject, so that the uninformed reader can understand us while the expert cannot fault us. We try to keep in mind a saying attributed to Einstein—that everything must be made as simple as possible, but not one bit simpler."

—from TIME Publisher's Letter

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35¢ pack of 20

100% cigar tobacco

Cigarette size and pack convenience.

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SMOKE

BOND STREET
**THE PIPE TOBACCO
THAT STAYS HIT**



Who does the screening at Motorola?

The picture is bright at Motorola, a company which started with a car radio and diversified into everything from solid state systems to color TV.

If you have something to sell a live-wire organization like this, who'll screen your company, your products, your selling story?

President Robert W. Galvin says: "In an industry as dynamic as electronics, a company can't make many purchasing mistakes and remain profitable—and we buy over \$150,000,000 in goods and services a year. While Motorola itself is decentralized, the judgment of top management is

factored into the cost of materials and services involved in every new venture."

But how can top management screen your story—if your salesmen can't reach them?

One answer is advertising—in the magazine that presents the news and probes the trends of the business world for men on the *decision level*. **BUSINESS WEEK**.

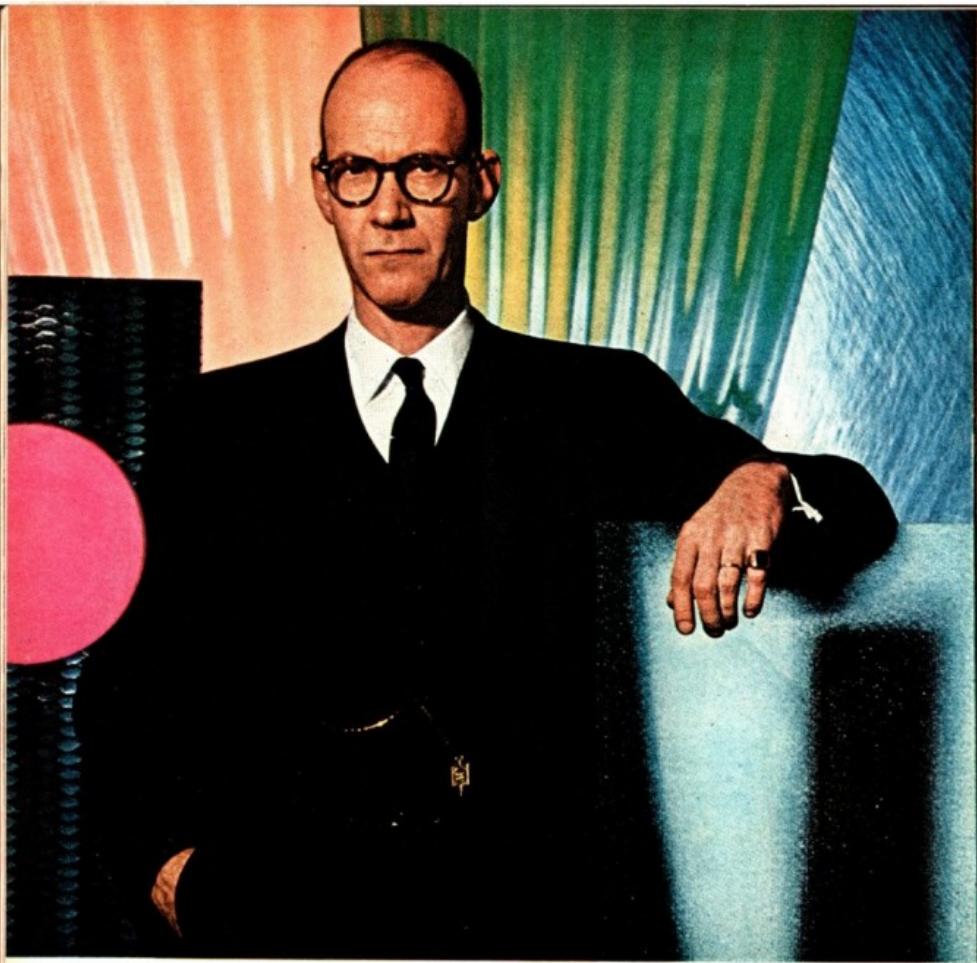
At Motorola, **BUSINESS WEEK** subscribers include key executives like President Galvin and 3 other Board members; 8 Vice-Presidents; management in production, purchasing, and marketing from Chicago to Phoenix to Franklin Park. A

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There are more than 430,000 subscribers to **BUSINESS WEEK**. These are men who need facts, need to learn about new products and services. This is where they turn:



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Chemical New York

PUERTO RICO'S INSTANT PARADISE



by Peter Griffith

It's usually hard to tell the exact moment when a tourist attraction comes into fashion, but not with Puerto Rico. It happened on the day the Caribe Hilton opened. The hotel filled up right away and it's been busy ever since. And no wonder. Situated on a beautiful 17-acre estate jutting out into the ocean, with the ancient Spanish quarter of San Juan to the West and the exciting modern city to the East, the Caribe Hilton offers an endless variety of delights . . . sporting, sumptuous and spectacular.

Step into an ocean of fun

The Caribe Hilton's sweeping, reef-protected beach of coral sand has everything you need for sailing, skin-diving, water-skiing and just plain basking. There's a private pier, too, where the fish are very cooperative. On shore, there are two huge swimming pools, championship tennis courts, bowling and shuffleboard. And

golf is available at the Dorado Hilton Hotel & Country Club, a short drive away.

Step back four centuries

The Caribe Hilton has its own Spanish fortress right next door. And a short cab ride brings you to the four-hundred-year-old city of Old San Juan. Stroll narrow, twisting streets, paved with the blue ballast stone of the Spanish Galleons. Explore the huge fortress of El Morro that has a nine-hole golf course in its moat. Find treasures in the exciting shops and art galleries.



Step out to a Latin Beat

After dark at the Caribe Hilton you'll sip cocktails at the Caribar. Choose from the very finest in Caribbean, American or Continental cuisine in the superb Rotisserie Castillo, social center of San Juan night life. Dine and dance in the cosmopolitan Club Caribe, with top international stars to entertain you. Or sample Polynesian delicacies of Trader Vic's.



You'll sleep in a beautiful, air-conditioned room, with the sea murmuring at your balcony. Wake in the morning to a breathtaking ocean view. Rates start at \$17 a day, single, \$21, double.

Grab a jet. Or if you can't go right away, grab a pen—write for color brochures and full details to Peter Griffith, Hilton Hotels International, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York 22, N.Y.

For reservations, see your travel agent, or call any Hilton Hotel or Hilton Reservation Office (see phone book). In New York, call LO 3-6900. At all Hilton International Hotels, charges can be paid for on your Carte Blanche Credit Card or Hilton Credit Identification Card.

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At the World's Fair in New York—dine at the HILTON CAFE INTERNATIONAL atop the Better Living Center.

CINEMA

Imaginary People, Real Hearts

The *Night of the Iguana*. All horseplay and no headwork, the gossips sneered, will surely make John a dull picture. But Director Huston (*Freud*), as often before, has saucily tweaked the bluenoses. In ten wild weeks at a sunny place for shady people on Mexico's spectacular west coast, Huston and company put together a picture that excites the senses, persuades the mind, and even occasionally speaks to the spirit—one of the best movies ever made from a Tennessee Williams play.

Yes, there's a send-'em-home-happy ending, but otherwise the script is admirably loyal to the play. It sets the same scene: a rundown resort hotel in Mexico. It presents the same persons: the rampant tramp (Ava Gardner) who keeps the hotel for business and a couple of beach boys for pleasure; a renegade reverend (Richard Burton) ex-

DAVID SAHL



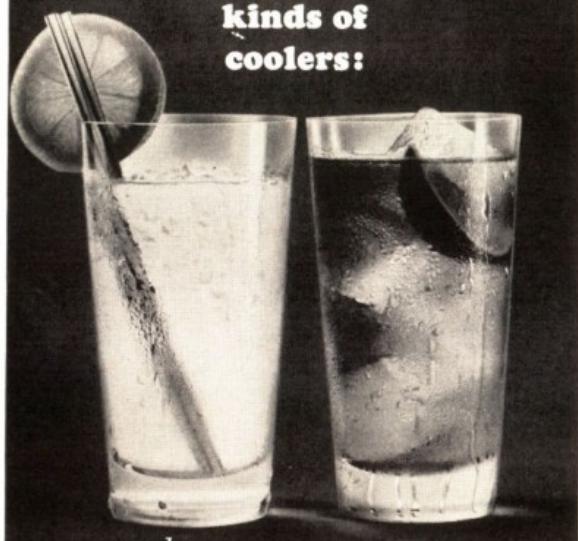
BURTON & KERR IN "IGUANA"
Once more, the peculiar passions.

elled from his parish in Virginia for rutting in the rectory; a round-heeled teen-ager (Sue Lyon) who wishes she had been there; a peripatetic painter (Deborah Kerr) who sketches for her supper.

The script tells the same story the play told, though it isn't much of a story. The characters for the most part simply talk on the terrace, and as they talk they reveal and heal themselves. Fascinating, sometimes. But sometimes rather tiresomely reminiscent of group therapy—especially when Analyst Williams, who has become a bit sententious in middle age, clears his throat and weighs in with a brave banality: "A home is something two people have between them. Any light is a good light to see by."

The fault is important but not dominant. Williams can horse laugh as well as harrumph, and it's an absolute delight to watch the most perverse of playwrights tell a tale in which the nadir of naughtiness is attained by a man with a harmless though peculiar passion for ladies' underwear. Huston, what's more

There are
really
two
kinds of
coolers:



MYERS RUM MAKES THE MAN'S DRINK! A light, breezy beverage is nice for the ladies . . . but Myers does things in a masculine way. It's a Jamaica rum, 97 Proof, spirited, golden and robust. Adds great character and flavor—a man's kind of flavor—to almost any drink. This tropical Planters' Punch is a classic example. For 2 tall drinks: mix 2 tsp. sugar, juice of 1 lemon (or lime), 4 oz. Myers Rum, 2 dashes bitters, 1 dash grenadine in shaker filled with ice. Shake, strain into glasses over shaved ice; add plain soda. You'll relish Myers' full-bodied flavor.

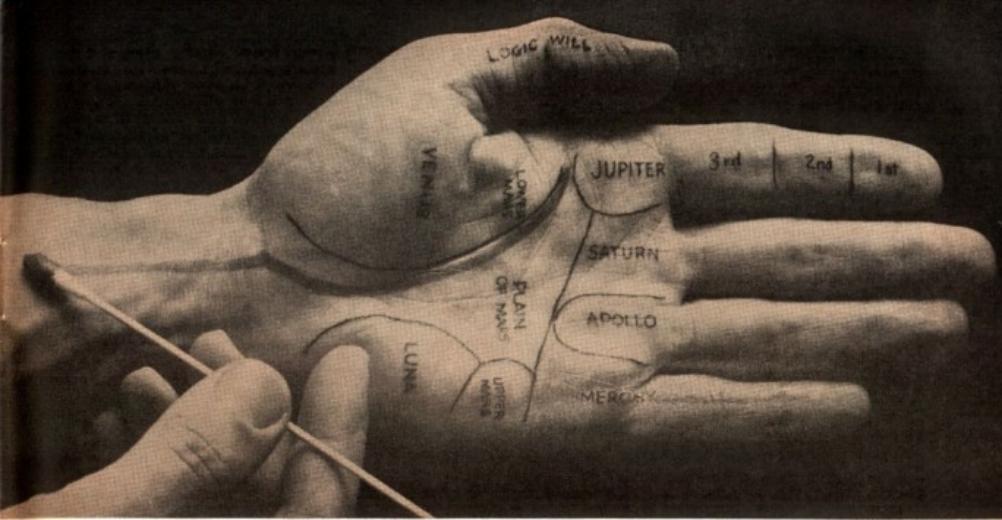
97 PROOF.



P.S. FOR THE HOSTESS. Myers adds flavor magic to foods, too. For a pleasant appetizer or tasty dessert, prepare Grapefruit à la Myers. Simply splash a dash of Myers Rum onto each grapefruit half. For added zest: brown rum-faced grapefruit halves under broiler; serve with a sprig of mint. Voilà! Grapefruit au Rhum . . . delightful!

MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM - 97 PROOF • GENERAL RUM & SPIRITS COMPANY, N.Y.C.





WHAT'S HAPPENING TO MAN'S LIFELINE?

It's lengthening—figuratively—because of the cooperative probing by many different scientists into problems once faced exclusively by medical researchers.

Fever, the great warning symptom that may first have been measured by Galileo, is now being located exactly instead of generally, by infrared detection. Even soft tissue and fluids are being "photographed." Strep throat and certain other infections can be diagnosed in hours instead of days by utilizing a fluorescent antibody testing technique developed by optics and electronics engineers, physi-

cians, and biochemists. The fluoroscopic light microscope used in this technique is also of value in research.

It is not surprising that Avco people should also apply electronics, physics, chemistry, engineering—their fund of knowledge—to medicine.

Thus, to permit examinations the physician never could make before, techniques of television and fibre optics are being combined at Avco for use in internal observation. Avco has developed a timesaving intubation system to open the pyloric valve between the stomach and

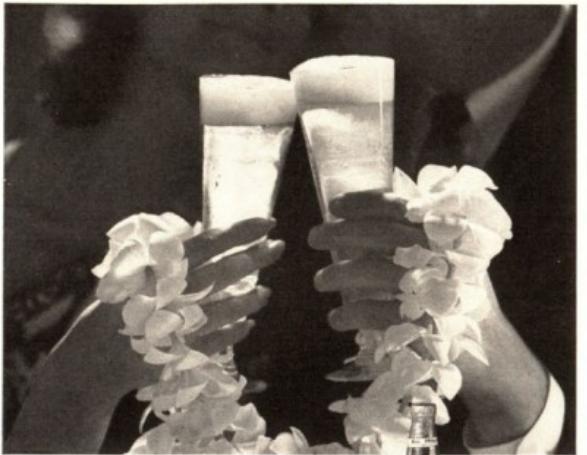
intestines. Avco is also producing a surgical bridge that greatly strengthens the hold of deep sutures by optimizing stress-strain ratios.

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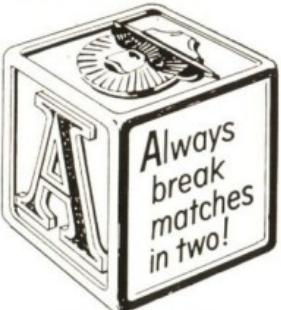
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keeps *Iguana* scuttling along at a right smart rate, and as always he shrewdly challenges his actors with delegated creativity. They all respond. Kerr lends charm and finesse to a meaching machoist. As for Burton, he makes more sense in this movie than he has in his last half-dozen efforts. He has a light in his eye, a line to his mouth, and the carriage of a man who believes in what he is doing.

It isn't hard to. Williams, though he often seems obsessed with other vital centers, is fundamentally concerned with the heart, and in *Iguana* he sometimes writes about it beautifully. His characters are contraptions and their lives are theatrical tropes, but when they say what they feel, what hurts them and what they long for, they come suddenly alive and bleeding. Strange and disturbing to see contraptions bleed.

Young Love—Sicilian Style

Seduced and Abandoned. The girl's name is Agnese, a raven-haired sylph with the face of a Botticelli angel. Head high, eyes cast demurely downward, she moves with easy grace through the cobblestone streets of the small Sicilian village while the camera follows, falling slowly in love with her. So does the audience. Thus Director Pietro Germi eases smoothly into a black and bitter tragicomedy that shows his worldly, wildly wicked *Divorce—Italian Style* to be an exercise in restraint. In *Seduced and Abandoned*, by contrast, Germi's underlying despair keeps burning to the surface. "This time," he explains, "I would like the public to hate me a little."

Having established the innocence of his angel (Stefania Sandrelli), Germi first thrusts her into an earthy peasant farce. One midday siesta she is seduced and becomes pregnant. Her father, played with inexhaustible bravura by Saro Urzi, consults a lawyer cousin, explaining that the doctor has brought up a little problem about Agnese. "Tumor?" asks the cousin. "Honor," growls Don Vincenzo. He sends his only son Antonio to murder the seducer, assured that the boy's punishment will be no more than three to seven years in prison, provided he can prove that he killed "in a blind rage."

To this point, the comedy brims with droll catalogued details of village and family life. The laughter fades as Germi shows, in scene after scene, how ignorance, hypocrisy and habit can transmogrify normal human problems into sunny Sicilian nightmares. Trying every tactic from simple perjury to a trumped-up kidnaping, Don Vincenzo struggles to marry off Agnese and salvage his honor, for his worst fear is that he might become an object of ridicule in the piazza. "We are an old family," Don Vincenzo tells the police. "I admit we've had some violent deaths—but outside the law, in dignity." Agnese no longer matters. She is beaten, jeered at, and finally led to the altar as if she

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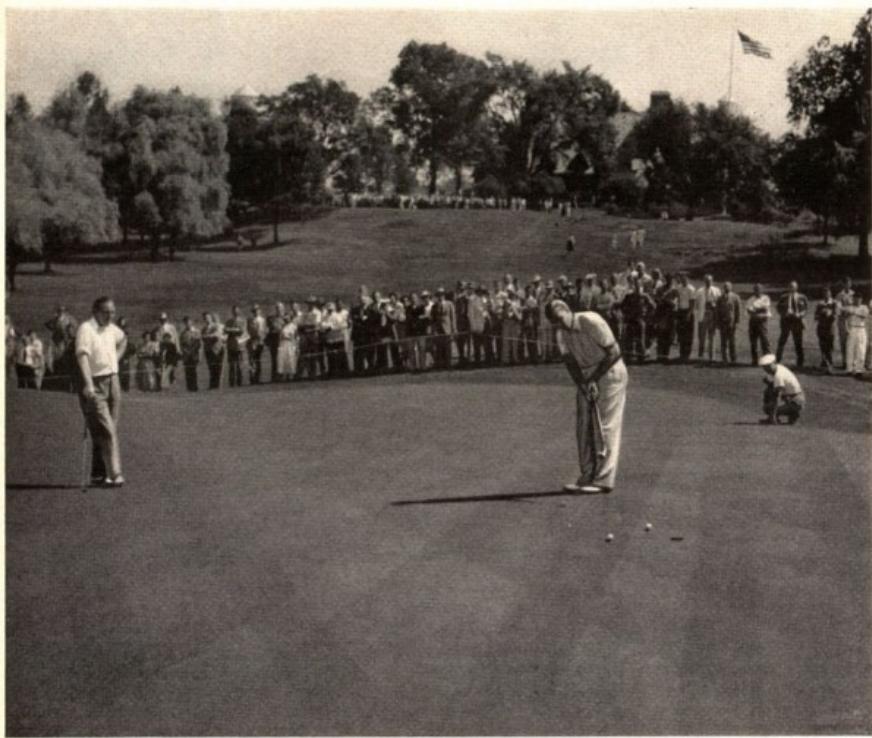
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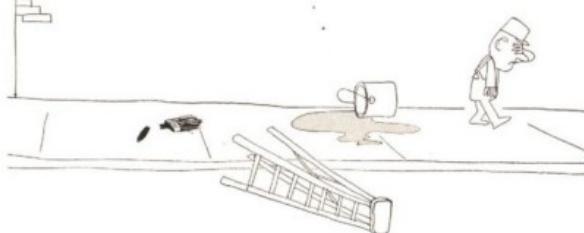
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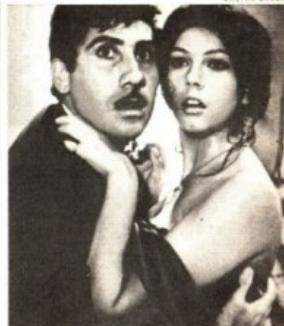
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SEDUCTOR & SANDRELLI IN "ABANDONED"
Back to the nightmare isle.

were a schoolgirl dragged to stage center of a savage burlesque. In a grim postscript, the camera cuts from the stricken Agnese to mock the words "Honor and Family" on a nobleman's tomb.

Abandoned emerges as an erratic but deeply affecting work by an artist able to project a commonplace theme with blinding brio. Germi leavens his anger with compassion, lightens compassion with humor. And one pointed vignette embodies all three: a hard-pressed chief of the *carabinieri*, studying a wall map of Italy, impulsively flattens his palm over the entire island of Sicily and utters a long, long sigh.

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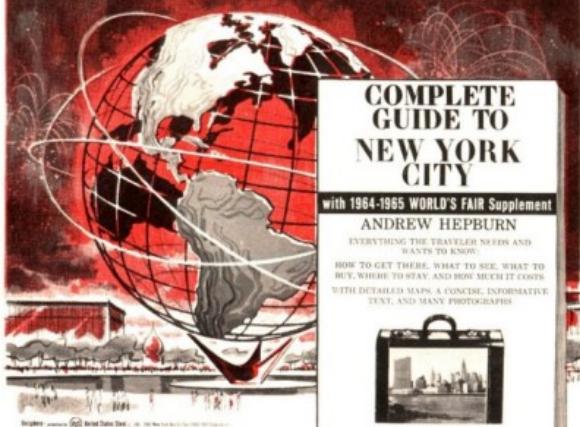
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count exec is a three-button bacchant, and so he is. The girl next door (Romy Schneider) cannot collect a \$15 million inheritance unless she collects a husband, fast. And who is the lucky fellow who has to commute across back lawns, masquerading as his good neighbor's spouse? Mmm-hmm.

Sam's most satisfying gag is the filming of a TV commercial—a hilarious sequence in which the Hertz man is catapulted out of limbo and lands everywhere but in the driver's seat. The person who does land with solid comic authority in this otherwise tiresome and familiar romp is Actress Schneider, the *genuitlich* Viennese sex kitten who has purred beguilingly through more pretentious trifles, such as *The Victors*, *The Cardinal* and *Boccaccio '70*. But Lemmon, though adroit as always, is now well along toward proving that the most gifted of *farceurs* cannot build a really distinguished career simply by explaining, in film after film, why he happens to have on pajamas.



SINATRA, DAVIS & MARTIN IN "HOODS"
But Robin robbed the rich.

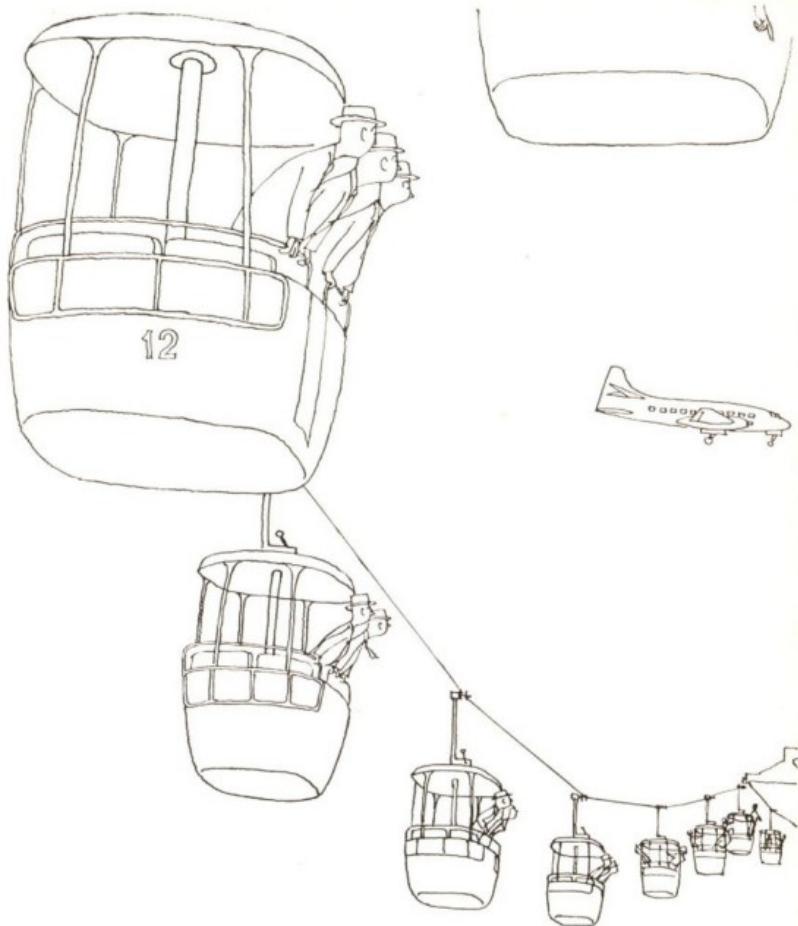
The Mafia, with Music

Robin and the 7 Hoods is less exciting than *Little Caesar*, less convincing than *The Roaring Twenties*, and less tuneful than *Guys and Dolls*. Proceeding on the reckless assumption that an old movie made over is better than no movie at all, Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin and Sammy Davis Jr. pretend to be vintage Chicago hipsters who rob the rich and give to the poor—though the poor slobs who can't share the fun without buying a ticket may wonder whether it isn't the other way around. The actors snap their fingers at the plot, and Bing Crosby pops in from time to time as one Allen A. Dale, who reforms a roomful of rowdy orphans with a song called *Don't Be a Do-Badger*. The rest of the film runs to self-parody, augmented by boyish enthusiasm for booze, broads, violence and bad grammar. Though *7 Hoods* offers negligible entertainment value, it does provide innocuous occupational therapy for the western world's best-paid gang of rebels without a cause.



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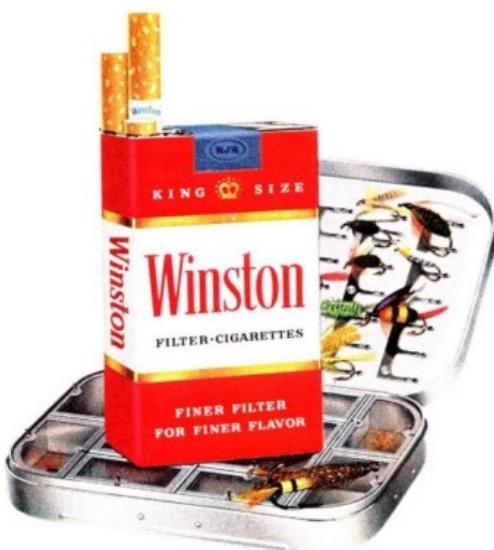
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